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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 133.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 20, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

LADY NORAH HELY-HUTCHINSON

Whose engagement to Captain Brassey, R.N., is announced

No. 133.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Religion of Nature." By E. Kay Robinson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Hugo of Avendon." By E. L. M. (Sampson, Low: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Points of View." By L. F. Austin. (John Lane: 5*s.* net.)

"Walker's Ideal Atlas of the World." (John Walker: 1*s.* net.)

"Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule." By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)

"English Coloured Books." By Martin Hardie. (Methuen: 25*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"A Girl in London." By John Strange Winter. (Everett: 6*d.*)

"A Daughter of Satan." By C. J. Gardener. (Everett: 6*d.*)

"Latter-Day Sweethearts." By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Bridal of Anstace." By Elizabeth Godfrey. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Coming of the Randolphs." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
June 20, 1906

Through some terrible inadvertence, a healthy pig was killed in a Chicago packing-yard the other day.

* * *

It is stated that "after a banquet at Schœnbruan, followed by a concert given by Maennergesangverein, the Kaiser returned to Germany this evening." We should think so, indeed.

* * *

The lucky young German attaché, whose engagement to Fräulein Krupp (of gun renown) is gazetted, announces that, on his marriage, he will abandon diplomacy. But he will find he wants it more than ever then.

* * *

The Zulus have, it appears, been fighting the British from high trees. We suppose this is a case of high trees-on.

* * *

As instancing how sometimes great National crises are ignored by the halfpenny Press, it is worthy of note that barely a third of a column was last week afforded by some of our contemporaries to the decision of the Garter King at Arms regarding the relative positions of the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of Sheffield.

* * *

Mr. Lyttelton's address to his constituents of St. George's, Hanover Square, has caused the bitterest disappointment. It contains no assurance that he will take up a subject lately aired by the *Daily Mail*, and exert his great influence to brighten cricket.

* * *

Bishop Potter, of Texas—I mean New York—has created consternation by his outburst upon the delusion of Anglo-American friendship. It is to be hoped that something will be done to cement this crack in the friendship between the two countries. Perhaps imitation, the sincerest form of flattery, will do the trick.

* * *

An Indian magistrate, in discharging an English prisoner, playfully resorted to slang. "Skidoo!" quoth he. We look to Mr. Plowden to emulate this gentle courtesy the next time an innocent Yankee is brought before him with a gentle "Biff off."

* * *

Heavy fighting has taken place recently in Nigeria with rebels, who are believed, in well-informed circles, to be the Ekumekus, or "Silent Ones." They prefer action to speech.

* * *

Talking of war, the situation in Europe, despite *l'entente cordiale*, and the approaching visit of the German editors, is grave. The successful design, from the work of 117 competitors, is announced of the proposed "Palace of Peace" at The Hague.

* * *

Extracts from last week's papers:—

Daily Mail, June 13: "'Summer sore throat,' said a Harley Street consultant, 'is the natural corrollary to warm weather. The best remedy is a cup of hot tea first thing in the morning.'"

Evening News, June 14: "'A large number of people,' said a Harley Street physician, 'are suffering from pneumonia, nasal catarrh, and sore throats.'"

The medical adviser to the Harmsworth publications is having a busy time of it.

* * *

Mr. Link, the distinguished monkey, now in town

Having taken (by storm) Sir H. E. Moss's fine house "The Hippodrome" during Ascot week, he will be entertaining large house-parties nightly

MOTORGRAMS

"Motor ruins a cottage" is a headline in a contemporary. But what of it? The motor, if we may believe the house agents, has ruined whole streets of West End property.

* * *

Motorists, according to Mr. Cornwallis West should, owing to police persecution, cease to contribute to the Police Widows' and Orphans' Funds. If he will also see that motorists leave us fewer widows and orphans, we shall not blame them for this.

* * *

The life of a motorist is nothing if not varied. Not long since irascible country gentlemen waited for them with shot-guns. Now we read that those partaking in the Scottish Reliability Trials were pelted with bouquets by golden-haired maidens.

RACING NOTIONS

ASCOT ANTICIPATIONS. BY "CARBINE"

The Going at Ascot

The heavy rains of Saturday, which tended so effectually to mar the pleasures of visitors to the splendid horse show at Richmond, the attractive polo matches at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and other important open-air events on that day, may be said, as the exaggerated phrase has it, to be "worth a guinea a pint" to Ascot. If the Royal meeting has a drawback, it is that the course so often becomes baked to a brick-like hardness. And this condition is not improved by the fact that the people are allowed to roam at their sweet will over the turf. Grass, which usually looks brilliantly green and fresh when the meeting starts, becomes trampled into a flat mass of tangled yellow before the last race is run.

Should the Crowd Be Allowed on the Course?

This may not do any permanent harm to the going, but it is unquestionably bad for the horses which have to race upon turf that is played on by the fierce sun, and then trodden hard by the feet of the multitude. The horses ought to be a primary consideration. After all, the promenade on the course is not really necessary for the happiness or comfort of the crowd, and one of these days it will be discountenanced, as at Newmarket. This could be done without any serious outrage on the so-called rights of the people who line the rails. And I am sure owners would welcome the innovation, for that last furlong at Ascot plays the very deuce with horses' legs and joints when the ground is on the hard side.

Promise of Brilliant Racing

Only fine weather is required to make this Ascot brilliantly successful, for practically all the best horses, save Spearmint, hold engagements at the meeting. The first day's programme was fully dealt with last week, so that I may pass at once to the Royal Hunt Cup day, when plenty of interest will attach to every event on the card. Those who did not see Lord Derby's charming filly, Keystone II., so stylishly win the Epsom Oaks will have the opportunity of looking at her in the Coronation Stakes, one of the richest races at the meeting. Moreover, we shall probably see the Oaks winner extended, for she will have to concede 14 lb. to the Duke of Westminster's Quair, who was very heavily backed for the Oaks, and finished fourth. Personally, I think Keystone II. is capable of achieving the task, but it will be an interesting race. Then there is the Fern Hill Stakes, wherein the fastest three-year-olds are pitted against some speedy juveniles. The older horses usually have the best of it, but this time I fancy Auber.

Black Arrow's Chances

We must always employ an "if" when discussing Black Arrow's prospects. "If," then, we are to see this superb-looking, queer-tempered horse successful at the meeting, it will be in the Ascot Derby, for the work here would present no great difficulty should the black be inclined for racing. For the Fifty-Fourth Triennial, Sir R. Waldie-Griffiths, a border baronet, who races on the best lines, will have a formidable candidate in Simon Square, and I regard the race as likely to rest between this one and Mr. Hall Walker's Ulpian. Of the two I prefer the latter. In the Forty-Eighth Biennial—how confusing these absurd titles are—we have **Lally**, and I shall look no further for the winner if he runs; but in his absence my advice would be a trifle on Snow Glory.

The Royal Hunt Cup

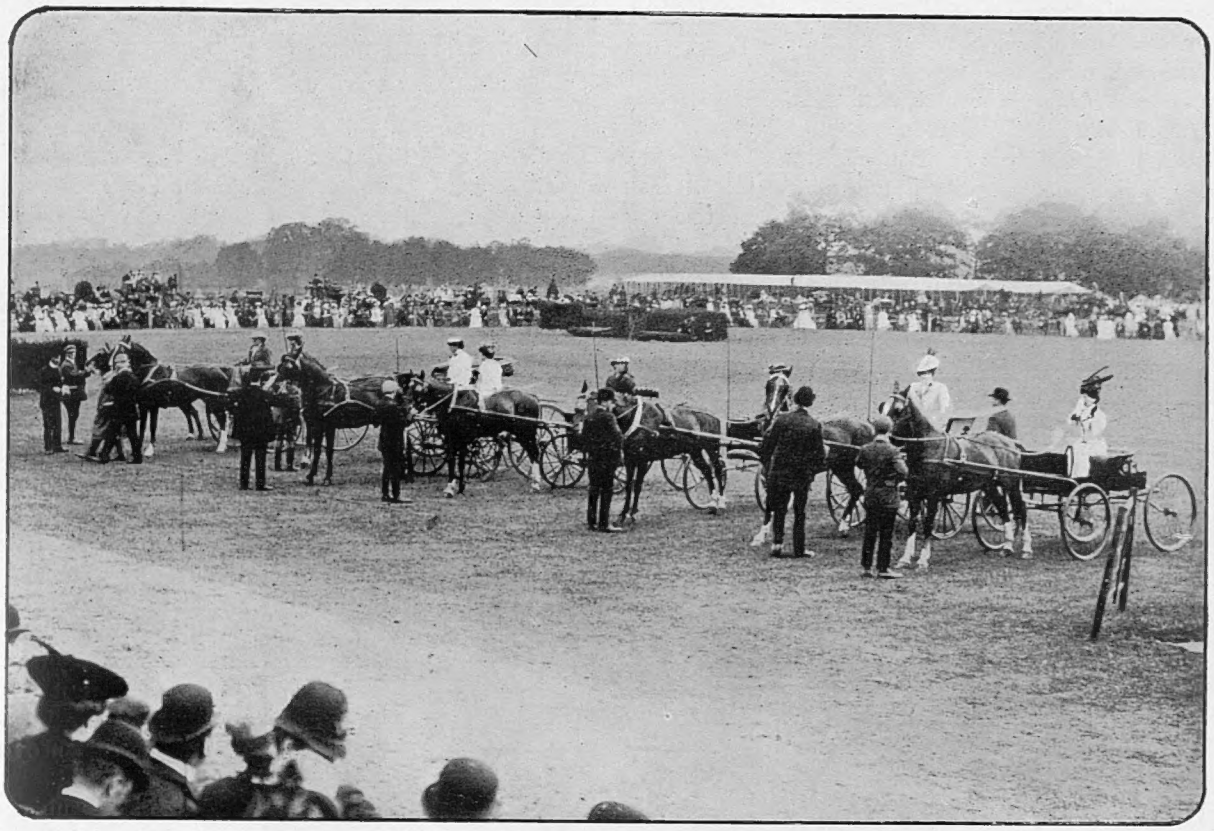
Last of Wednesday's programme we have to consider the Royal Hunt Cup, almost invariably an open race, and a good one to bet on. It is so this year, and at the time of writing you can get ten to one about anything you fancy. Last week I suggested Gold Riach and Dean Swift as being most worthy of support, and that each has a good chance at the weights is still my belief. But in these matters we have to depend upon the plans of the stables concerned. It so happens that each of the pair named may be superseded by a stable companion—Dean Swift by Ravilious, and Gold Riach by Dinneford or one of Mr. Singer's pair. The inference is that the ones chosen to represent their respective stables have proved themselves best at the weights in the home gallops. I should like to be able to adhere to my selection as originally made, based as it was upon my own judgment; but to simplify the situation, I shall nominate the best of **Taylor's stable** (preferably Gold Riach) for first, and Mr. J. B. Joel's best (preferably Dean Swift) for a place.

Pretty Polly and the Gold Cup

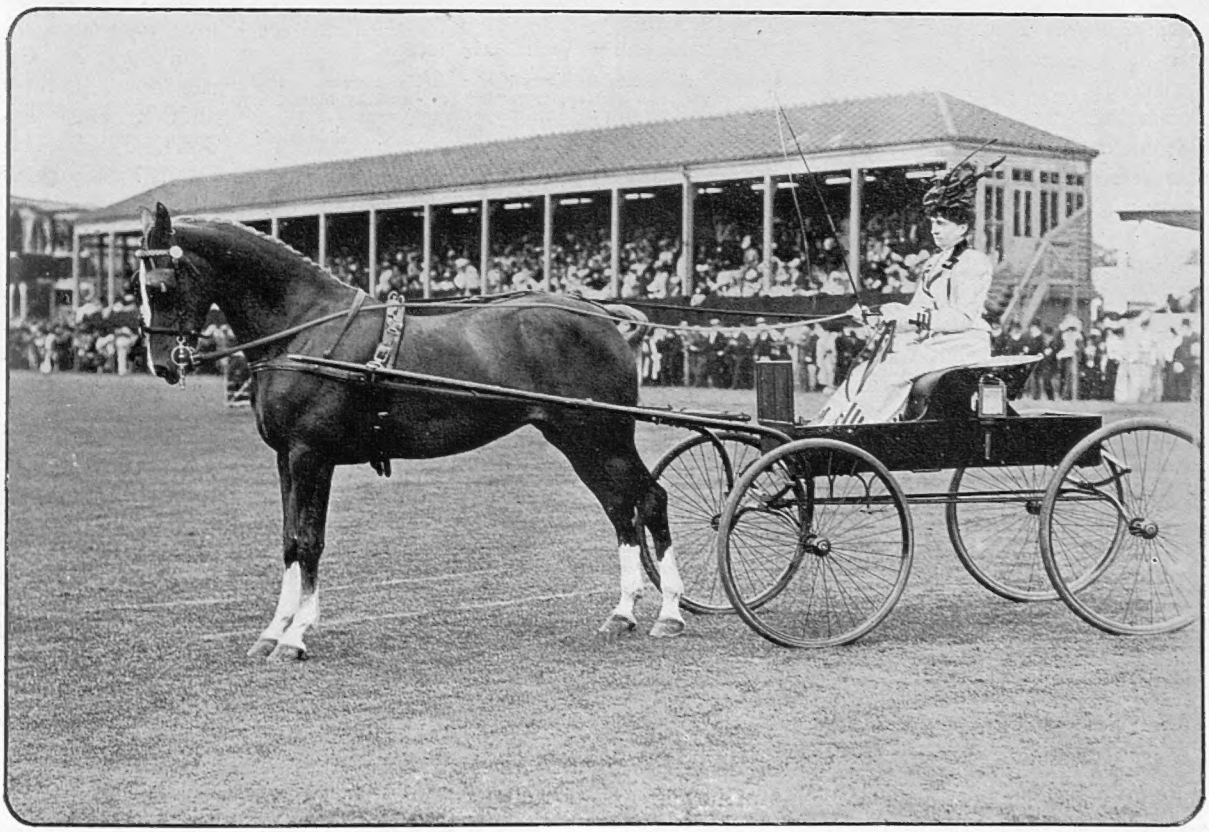
Although this year there is to be no Royal procession, the usual glamour will attach to the Gold Cup day. Surely, nobody in his senses will expect to see **Pretty Polly** beaten for the coveted trophy. The St. James's Palace Stakes promises to be one of the most interesting events on Thursday. Lally, Sancy, Gorgos, Black Arrow, and Troutbeck, can fight out the Derby over again, and this time I should back **Sancy** on account of his maiden allowance. Polymelus is my selection for the Rous Memorial Stakes, and I am hopeful that the King will win the New Stakes with **Cynosure**. In the absence of Pretty Polly, **Cicero** ought to win the Hardwicke Stakes on the concluding day, while **Bachelor's Button** is likely to prove himself the best stayer in the Alexandra Plate.

Richmond Horse Show

LADY COMPETITORS IN THE SINGLE HARNESS CLASS



Judging the Single Harness Class (to be driven by ladies)



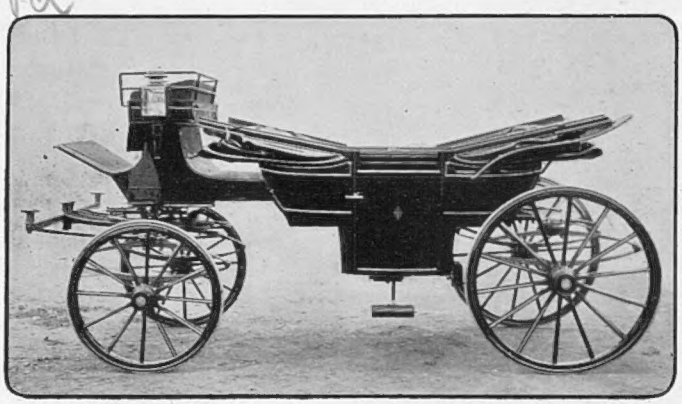
The winner, Mrs. Hartley Batt, driving "Maid of Newton," which took First Prize and Challenge Cup in the Single Harness Class

On the Ascot Lawns

(*The Débutante's Critical Pilgrimage*)

Let's turn back again. If you were frightfully keen on winning a race, I suppose it would be no good asking the jockeys to let you, not even for once. I think if I was a jockey I should always ride the black horses. Chestnut wouldn't suit my complexion. You wouldn't think that girl was skinny, would you? It's all the gown. The Directoire outline covers a multitude of thins. You watch her scramble for pie at lunch. Anyone can have the salmon nowadays.

Do you see the man with the long nose and the high forehead? He's the Duke of Something, and the family is supposed to have come over with the Conqueror. I don't think the Conqueror could have been very fastidious. But nearly everyone here is interesting in some way or another. That's Lord Camberwell, who runs newspapers and barren tin-mines. Papa calls him "The Willing Horse," because he's never been flogged. Here's Mr. Whippingham-Forrinhand talking to an actress. You can tell she's an actress, because she watches for people who will notice her frock. There are the Ap Heaps, father, step-mother, and son. Heap, junior, divorced his wife, and was best man at her second wedding. The step-mother was a lady cook. I notice that when ladies take up manual labour, they usually marry well.



The King's Coronation present to King Haakon

A fine pair-horse carriage, painted Royal colours, lined with blue morocco and cloth, and embossed with the arms of Norway. It has been made by Messrs. Hooper, of 54, St. James's Street

* * *

You see the pale little man running to the rails. He's got a very small income, but he's the only man in London who can translate French proverbs. Mamma adores him, but I am under instructions to be ill when he calls. He's probably got five shillings on the mauve jockey, because that's the colour of Mamma's new tea-gown. Some people insist on advertising their passions.

Are you going to back any horses for me? I will give you the money, really. I always pay my share of the cab fare to Mamma. Put a sovereign on some horse that's certain to win. I don't care how much I get. As long as you don't actually lose the money it doesn't matter. Put it on a colt. I distrust fillies, especially in long races. . . . How long have you been married now?

Oh, dearie me, we shall have to shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. McGasping. How do you do? How very fit you're looking, Etheldreda. Good-bye. A nice girl, yes, but she shouldn't wear that shade. *Mauve qui peut.* Her husband's business is very shaky, Papa says. Yes, right past the *entrée* stage—nearly in the soup. I expect they'll rush out some more shares.

* * *

Who won that race? What a dull name! If I had a stable, I think I should call my gee-gees after the places I had been to. Think of "Hanover Square" by "Burlington Arcade" out of "Notting Hill Gate." Don't you like the idea? I can just hear the bookies shouting "Ten to one against 'Tottenham Court Road.'" You'd be bound to get a long price about a horse with a name like that. And if you won a classic event, how glorious to lead in "St. Paul's Cathedral"!

Shall we go and sit down a little? Does it strike you that nearly everyone here is over thirty-five? Some of them aren't, of course, but they nearly all look it. Women are anything from ten to twenty years older than they dress. And men would never look old if it were not for their wives. Did you motor down?

Numbers up for the big race! Stand up! Get your glasses. You put my sovereign on, didn't you? Oh, run down and put another on. No, don't. I'll give it to the poor. They're coming! Who leads? Foreigner? *Vive la*—doesn't the boy in the apple jacket bob? Which is mine? Go on, shout for my horse! Any good? Look at their lovely tails! What won? "Rank outsider?" Then, you lost my sovereign! Ask Mamma for it, will you? She lost. I know by the livid way she's holding her skirt. Oh la, la! We *shall* have a pleasant journey home.

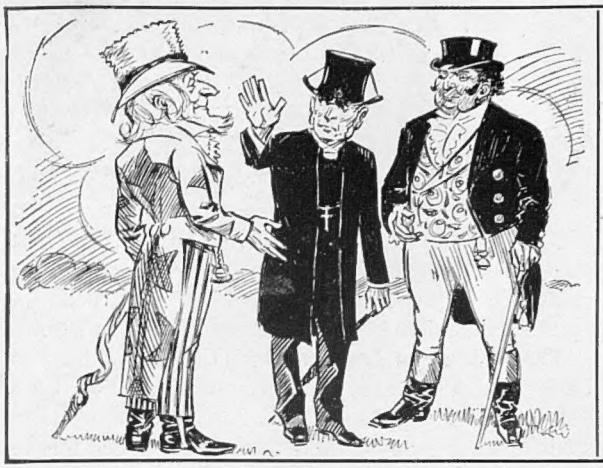
B. M. H.

"To-day—the eighth of June," wrote Mr. Keble Howard in last week's *Sketch*, "is my birthday, and if you think that I am going to find fault with the world to-day, friend the reader, you are vastly mistaken." We were also mistaken if we thought that the writer was going—for one issue—to omit to call us "friend the reader."

* * *

It is understood that in future the headquarters of the American colony in England will not be at the Hotel Cecil, but in Canning Town, which, curiously enough, abuts on West Ham.

The Topictator



Oh, Indeed!

(*The Bishop of New York asserts that in spite of gush there is no love lost between England and America*)

Dr. POTTER: "It's no use pretending, Jonathan. You and this person are enemies"

Is the Chaperon Necessary?

(*The "Daily Graphic" is discussing this question*)

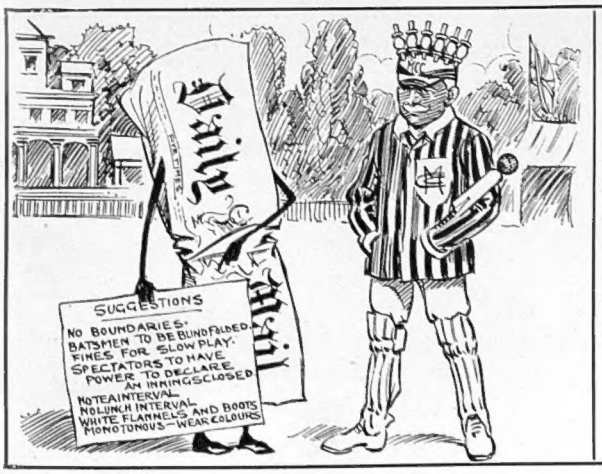
ANGELINA writes: "Absolutely — otherwise think how bored poor Edwin would get"

(*Suspicious looking blots adorned this letter*)

Is This the Reason?

(*It is somewhat alarming to reflect on the number of murderers who have of late baffled the police*)

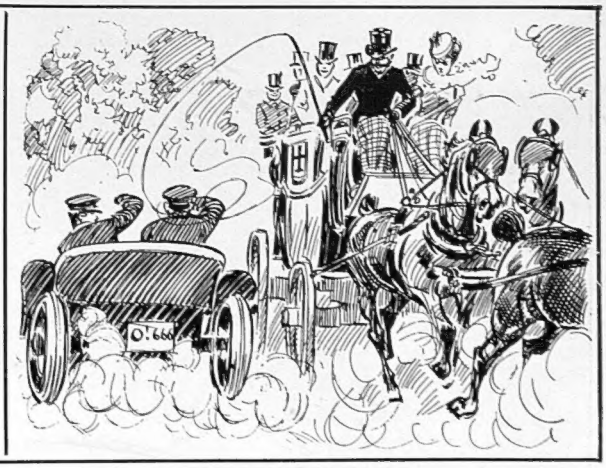
"Hi!—pleeceman!—quick!—there's murder or summat goin' on below!"
"I ain't got no time for murders. I'm on a police trap"



To Brighten Cricket

(*Another discussion raging*)

KING CRICKET: "Haven't you chosen a bad year for raising this question? I don't fancy my history can furnish a brighter or more interesting season"



A Fine Game

(*This refers to a driver who lashed at motorists with his whip lately*)

But should a fine be counted sufficient payment for this kind of amusement?

ROUND THE TOWN

Well-Dressed Wedding Hooligans

How I dislike the well-dressed crowds of second-rate women, who, having, I suppose, nothing better to do, flock in their thousands to the big weddings and other Society functions of the season, and make nuisances of themselves to brides, guests, and police alike. At the wedding of the Marquis and Marchioness of Graham on Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square, the bride, though wishing to remain in her carriage for a few moments after her arrival at the church in order that the King might be in his place before she walked up the aisle, was forced, owing to the behaviour and horrid proximity of this crowd of women, to leave it and wait in the porch; while, on her reappearance with her husband after the ceremony, the same crowd overcame the police, and surged round the carriage, for a moment completely enclosing the bridal pair, and causing, of course, the most utter confusion. This kind of thing should be put a stop to.

* * *

Fashions for Bridegrooms

On the previous day, Wednesday, the marriage of Mr. Arthur Crichton, third son of Lord and Lady Erne, to Miss Katherine Trefusis, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Both brides were, of course, attired in the traditional white satin and orange blossoms, but the bridegrooms, it was remarked, had both prepared a slight sartorial surprise for their admiring friends. Lord Graham sported a gay light blue tie, and Mr. Crichton and his best man were courageous enough to turn up in morning coats (see photograph), which is to be construed as a sign of the decline of the frock coat at these functions.

The wedding of Lord Howick (Earl Grey's heir) to Lady Mabel Palmer, the only daughter of Lord Selborne, was (next to the Austen Chamberlain affair of next month) quite the political wedding of the season, and was attended by the political world in general, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in particular.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The morning coat and the modern Society wedding

At the marriage of the Hon. Arthur Crichton and Miss Katherine Trefusis last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the attire of the bridegroom and best man in morning coats was noted, and if this foreshadows a change from the frock coat on formal occasions, the male community will rejoice

* * *

Two More Drawing Rooms

To the intense satisfaction of several hundred ladies who would otherwise have been forced to delay their presentations until next year, their Majesties have decided to hold two more Courts after Ascot, one on June 28 and the other on July 13, the day on which they return to London after their strenuous four days up in the North. They will be there the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, and, in addition to inaugurating the New High Level Bridge at Newcastle (a not very arduous task, for "inauguration" will consist of just driving across it), opening the Wing of the Armstrong College of Science and the new Infirmary, and unveiling a statue of Queen Victoria in the Leazes Park, the King and Queen will attend a banquet in the Assembly Rooms, and, if not too fatigued, the King, and perhaps the Queen, will pay a visit to Chillingham

Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club

There were sixteen coaches assembled at the Powder Magazine on Wednesday last for the drive to Hurlingham, and amongst those driving were the Earl of Ancaster (President), the Earl of Shrewsbury, Prince Alexander of Teck, and Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P.

The Bride of the Season

Castle, Lord Tankerville's northern seat, and the famous home of a herd of milk-white cattle.

By the way, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have very kindly lent the grounds of Syon House to the Church Army for a garden-party on July 10, at which it is hoped Princess Louise Augusta will be present to "receive promises of help." The Duke, of course, is a trustee of the British Museum, a keen politician and archæologist, and a Knight of the Garter, and he has just been the recipient of many congratulations on the attainment of his sixtieth birthday.

* * *

The Social Round

Father Vaughan's strictures on Society continue, but have not yet had much apparent effect, for the round of engagements last week was so vast and so well attended that Society, I can well believe, can have had no time to spare for prayer. Besides the Opera, which was crowded every night, there were no less than four big weddings, "afternoons" galore, the fêting of Mrs. Longworth (about which, however, to everyone's relief, the newspapers confined themselves to a modest column a day), about six dances every night, not to speak of innumerable receptions and dinners, and, as a fitting wind-up, had it not been for the rain, an even larger crowd at Ranelagh than on the previous Saturday for the pony gymkhana and ladies' sports was expected for "Aldershot Day," on which occasion, in addition to the usual attractions of Ranelagh, there had been arranged a musical drive by the Y Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, a musical ride by H.M. 21st Lancers, push-ball, and the annual match between the House of Lords and the Commons. This week they are having open-air plays down there, but I hear that, owing to Ascot, the attendance has not been quite so large as it would have been could more convenient days have been fixed upon. Owing to Ascot, too, there are as few big functions this week as there were many last, all the big dance hostesses, led by the Duchess of Westminster, having fixed on next week for their greatest efforts in the way of entertainment. Amongst them Mrs. Christie Miller (at the new Ritz), Mrs. Robert Foster, Lord Bateman's sister (for her *débutante* daughter, in Grosvenor Street), Mrs. Wilton Allhusen, Mrs. Lawson Johnston, Mrs. Almeric Paget (if she is by then sufficiently recovered from her present indisposition), and Mrs. Herbert are just a few of the biggest dance-givers of a week which promises to be one of the fullest of the season so far.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Graham-Hamilton Wedding

The wedding of the Marquis and Marchioness of Graham ("Lady Mary" no longer) created a great amount of public interest, and the crowds outside the church were enormous. The King was present at the ceremony

The Three Rockefellers

Mr. Rockefeller's presence in Europe leads me to question why the talent for making money seldom, or never, runs hand in hand with the talent for spending? The son of the rich man, in five cases out of six, has the simplest of simple tastes, while the poor man's son has tastes which the millions of the multi-millionaire would scarcely satisfy. The son of the richest man in the world, John D. Rockefeller, has never been known to spend more than 1*s.* 3*d.* on his lunch, yet he and his father and his baby son—Rockefeller III.—are the actual possessors of the useful little sum of £200,000,000. It would, indeed, be difficult to find simpler living men than the Rockefellers, father and son. The latter, like his father, has "patience" for his watchword; patience to wait, watch, squeeze and seize, to wait again and to profit. Patience to buy in a depressed market, and to nurse carefully and to wait again until, well, until one is the richest man in the world, as Rockefeller is to-day!

* * *

Rockefeller Habits

Like his father before him, too, the son is the very soul of precision. Rising at six-thirty, he is in the chair his father only vacated two years ago in his office by nine, and he works unceasingly until three; then there is a meagre and careful lunch—both father and son are nervous dyspeptics, and have been driven to golf and other healthful exercise for their health's sake solely—then work again till six, and home to a quiet dinner, almost as simple as the lunch, and perhaps a little music. He does not drink, he does not smoke, and, short, rather thick-set, with weak spectacled eyes, and wearing the black clothes befitting a Bible-class teacher of the Baptist persuasion, to which both he and his father belong, Rockefeller, Jun., is as much the victim of an overmastering passion for money and money-making as is his father. It is a mystery to everyone that it should be so, for none of the pleasures which money gives belong to the Rockefellers. They would be as happy with a thousand a year as with something like that a day. It would be interesting to know how John D. Rockefeller reconciles his oft-professed religious principles with the "Might is Right" tactics he has pursued all his life, and, indeed, it would be highly interesting to hear, in view especially of the recent tinned meat exposures, just how American millionaires *do* make their millions? Through what morasses they walk before (and after) they "arrive"? If written from the Palace of Truth, what interesting reading it would be, to be sure.

Doings at Dorchester House

Ascot

It is always rather good sport, and sometimes affords quite a lot of amusement during Ascot week, if by chance one is forced to be one of the poor worms who attend not the fashionable meeting of the year, to take a walk down Bond Street or Piccadilly on Cup or any other day, and to count the number of people who, when they see you coming, dash into a shop, or turn off wildly into a side street, in the hope that you do not see them. Then, next time you meet them, they say, "Were you at Ascot? No? What a pity! We were there every day! *Such* a jolly party!" —and your answer depends entirely on whether you owe them one or not.

Photo] **Mr. John D. Rockefeller** *[Brown Bros.*

The multi-millionaire and Oil King, who is now on this side of the herring pond, visiting the various capitals and the Riviera

Personally, I infinitely prefer the smaller, quieter race meetings to Ascot, and so, I think, do a great number of people who are not bound to do things because it is smart. It is, however, always very jolly at the different restaurants during Ascot week. Few people, after a day's racing, seem inclined to dine quietly at home, and besides, if one has been lucky one must celebrate, and if not, one must drown one's sorrows.

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Court Mourning at Ascot

The Queen's mourning, and her absence from Windsor, where the King is in residence for Ascot week, has caused His Majesty to dispense with the State procession to the course, which has become a feature of the reign, and he will drive to the course each day without any State, although there will be a big party every day for luncheon in the Royal saloon. The Court mourning also accounts for the absence of the usual decorations on the balcony and in the windows of the Royal Pavilion.

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Ascot Sunday on the River

The fact that every house for miles round Ascot is full of people who have stayed on after the conclusion of the race meeting, to enjoy a day or two of restful life on the river after the strenuous four days of racing, always makes the river between Windsor and Henley—a distance, in these days of motor-launches, quite easily traversed, there and back, in a day—a perfect vision of life and beauty on the Sunday after Ascot. Boulter's Lock, of course, on this and the following Sunday, when energetic souls are taking their craft up stream for the regatta, and great fat house-boats and their tugs are stuffing the lock to bursting point, constitutes one of the sights of the season—not exactly for its beauty, but more for the truly awful scrimmaging which goes on. Often, whether in a launch or a punt —especially if one is a not too skilful exponent of the subtle art of slipping through lock-gates—one spends three or four hours below the lock waiting, in a sun which always seems hotter there than anywhere else, to get through. Going up river on Ascot or Henley Sunday, therefore, unless one is the fortunate possessor of the most even of tempers, and has no intention of "getting" anywhere in particular, is not an unmixed blessing.

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The American Eagle at Dorchester House

There was such excitement in the way of cranes and carts and things outside the American Embassy the other day that I really thought those prominent Americans in New York, who last year laid their heads together and agreed to subscribe with the object of providing a permanent home for the American Ambassador in London, had really done so, and that Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid were moving out! I could not wait to see what the huge crane really was doing, but coming out of the Park next day I saw the fruits of its gigantic labours. A small, very small eagle—an American eagle carved in stone—was perched on the portico above the entrance-door, in honour, I suppose, of the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, who are this week enjoying themselves at Ascot.

Photo] **Dorchester House** *[H. N. King*

The imposing residence of the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, where Mr. and Mrs. Longworth have been staying in semi-State and at which a splendid banquet, attended by the King, took place last week

Dorchester House, as everyone knows, built in 1851, after the designs of Louis Vulliamy, is the

"Princess Alice" of America—A Snapshot

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Her Republican Highness Mrs. Longworth (née Roosevelt) arriving at Waterloo

The President's daughter and her husband have, during the last week, been enjoying a round of festivities in their honour while in residence at Dorchester House, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid

Won't You Go Home, John Chinaman?

property of Major Holford, Equerry to His Majesty the King. Famed for a beautiful staircase of pure marble, its chief advantage, in the opinion of its present owners, is the four-foot thickness of its walls, which imparts to the house within a certain quietude, notwithstanding that its position is so noisy.

* * *

The Coronation of King Haakon

Trondhjem this week is, as Madrid was awhile back, the centre of the universe, although the Coronation of King Haakon VII. and Queen Maud of Norway is to be a much simpler affair than was the marriage of the King of Spain to Princess Ena of Battenberg. Trondhjem may be called the Coronation city of Norway, and the ancient cathedral, built somewhere in the thirteenth century, has been the scene of the crowning of several former Kings and Queens of Norway. The announcement that the Civil List of King Haakon has been fixed at the modest sum of £40,000 raises the reflection that it is fortunate for the Royal Household that both the King and Queen have private means of fairly ample dimensions of their own, for £40,000 is a mere drop in the ocean of expenses when one is a king with half a dozen palaces to keep going, the country and other countries' representatives to entertain, and every charity in the kingdom to subscribe largely to.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra's present to their daughter and son-in-law on the occasion of their Coronation consisted of a most beautifully made, specially constructed carriage, and a saddle-horse for the use of Queen Maud.

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Two of the Season's Fads

This year the married woman and the unmarried girl both have a pose. The former, especially if, as in the case of two exponents, the Duchess of St. Alban's and Lady Wernher, they are known to be the fortunate possessors of jewels of almost unknown value, are wearing no jewels, not a single one; and the latter, the *débutantes* and unmarried girls, have elected to distinguish themselves from the married woman who has thus stolen in on their prerogative of sweet simplicity, and who has such an annoying habit of walking off with all the plums in the way of men and attentions, by wearing, at dances especially, the shortest of short frocks, engagingly fluffy round the bottom, so as to disclose an ankle as neat as the devastations of hockey and golf and tennis allow. Whether or not this latter fad is a faint endeavour to circumvent the siren charms of the young matron or not I am not quite sure, but, anyway, it is not very successful, for few of them look graceful, and one is reminded of golf or the country fields at moments when only the floating grace of beautiful lines should absorb one's well-supped mind.

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Winston's Pets

May I trench upon politics so far as to take the obvious opportunity of condoling with the too tender-hearted Under-Secretary for the Colonies on the downfall of his beautiful philanthropic schemes for the "slaves" of South Africa? I call it perfectly disgraceful and most ungrateful of those absurd Chinese! Here has Mr. Winston for months—until the Liberals got into power in fact—been carrying about an aching heart, which must have caused him the greatest inconvenience, and yet, when the 60,000 objects of his pity and commiseration are offered facilities for immediate repatriation, incomes for the rest of their lives, abject apologies from the entire British nation for the condition of slavery Mr. Winston's Conservative compatriots are alleged to have kept them in—what do they do? Well, only twelve out of the whole 60,000 want to go home. Only twelve, apparently, dislike slavery, and are "discontented in spirit." The remaining 50,988, ignoring the facilities placed at their disposal by this most tender-hearted of Under-Secretaries, have the ingratitude, the annoying obstinacy, to elect to remain in the awful poster-made slavery we had such a dose of at the General Election! Ingratitude, thy name is CHOW!

Rand coolies reading the "Repatriation" poster

The poster is covered with wire netting to prevent its being torn down, a fate which befell the first poster put up. The coolie's prejudice against returning home rivals that of the famous Bill Bailey himself

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A New Craze: Ties by the Yard

It is rarely that there is much stir in the world of male fashion. Man's clothes admit of many improvements, but any drastic change, such as the introduction of knee breeches for evening dress, discovers the sad lack of moral courage in man where his clothes are concerned. So, what woman looks upon as a reform, man regards as a revolution. Take the flannel collar. From the feminine point of view, where one fashion treads on the heels of another, this mode would barely merit a passing word. Man is still—after several months—bragging about the comfort of the new undress. He is full of glee, too, over a remarkable discovery in neckwear, in which neatness is combined with economy. The very latest tie, obtainable in all shades, and having the effect of a knitted tie of rare design, is bought by the yard and cut into strips. For it is nothing more nor less than the silk braid which is used to bind and set off generally the feminine skirt! For years this braid has been sold for its purpose, in all shades and in all widths. Some modern d'Orsay conceived the brilliant idea of

Scenes at Royal Ascot

THE GREAT RACE MEETING WHICH IS NOW IN PROGRESS

The Royal Progress to the Enclosure: The King's procession at Ascot, which will be missed this year

Scene in the Royal Enclosure on Cup Day

Ascot is to Society what the Derby is to the democracy—the race meeting of the year—and very different is the tone from that from which Epsom takes its note. The laws as to dress in the Royal Enclosure are as inexorable as those of the Medes and Persians, and as to the racing, the horses belong to the greatest owners, and the money to be won surpasses in amount that of any other meeting

Society Scourging and Some Scourgers

Photo **Lord Dunmore** [*Whyte*

The enthusiastic Christian Scientist, who assisted at the opening of a new Christian Science Temple at Boston, Mass

using the material for neckwear. Result, there has been a tremendous run on silk braid, and the width, which is represented by the top joint of the thumb, is barely obtainable. At first, man, fearing to face the giggling lady shop-assistant, sent his sisters and feminine friends to buy the material for him. Vendors of feminine fal-lals were at first at a loss to account for the run on silk braid. Now the mystery is explained, and the artful retailer, quick to seize a profit, is making up the material in the form of ties. So it is to be feared that the days are numbered when man can make his own ties by the simple process of cutting off braid at one shilling or so the yard into lengths. Moreover, the secret has been given away through another source. Woman, who finds plenty of use for ties in this age of the tailor-made costume, has already adopted the new invention—and, without apology, too; for, as a smart girl remarked to her rather disgusted brother, when refusing to part with the braid she required for her own use, "After all, it's our material, even if you did conceive the idea of making ties out of it."

Photo *Russell*

The Duke of Newcastle

Whose scourging of Society has taken the form of a preface to a novel, in which he proclaims that "A sad change has come over the spirit of the home," and that "A lamentable decay has taken place in the moral sense of Society"

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This Wicked, Wicked World

Father Bernard Vaughan, to everyone's surprise, is the latest recruit to the warriors on the "Fie! Society!" warpath. What he particularly wants to know is: What becomes of Society from Saturday to Monday, for it never comes to pray, nor even to criticise, and the churches of Mayfair are empty from one week's end to another? Well, if His Reverence really does want to know where Society spends its week-ends, I daresay I could enlighten him, although I fear it would, in several cases, be "telling." However, that is not all, for, indeed, according to Father Vaughan, Society has long since "given over" praying, and now pursues the even tenor of its sinful way, with "nothing real about it except its sins. It is shallow, hollow, unnatural, and unreal. The *débutante* beauty who keeps her maid up waiting for her half the night, is less than the meanest scullery-maid below stairs!" In fact, the usually gentle Father has let himself go for once, and is striking straight from the shoulder. He had a knock at the millionaires too, I am glad to say (I have a grudge against millionaires, not being one myself), although I fear some of them will be sadly flattered to find themselves sinning in such smart Society. "The millionaire," he said, "with means to buy up whole countries, is far less pleasing, and very much more guilty, than the lowest groom in his stable-yard." Most probable, I should think, from what I have seen of them!

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Corellian Orgies

Indeed, we are having quite a Corellian orgy of Society Sin. Dukes have now joined in it (I don't mean in the sin, but in its denunciation), led by His Grace of Newcastle, who, in the preface to a novel which he has been good enough to consider is written in a style which will bring clearly before the public the evils of divorce, says (and I cannot help thinking I have heard his words, or some like them, before): "A sad change has come over the spirit of the home. A lamentable decay has taken place in the moral sense of Society." The Duke, in fact, attributes the deterioration he finds so apparent in the weather, and in Society of the present day, entirely to divorce and its facilities. He is most awfully depressing, too, is the Duke—Dukes so often are I have noticed. He says, "the day will come," and he "earnestly deplores," and, in fact, he is so obviously slapping poor dear Society, more in sorrow than in anger, that it is really quite touching.

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Whiskey Pegs—Off

It is pleasant, however, to turn from these awful soliloquies to the delightful spectacle of Lord Dunmore banging a tambourine and shrieking "I am saved" to the populace in Boston. At least, no, I am wrong. That's what they do in the Salvation Army, not in Christian Science, and Lord Dunmore is a positive prop to the high priestess of that delightful cult. Lord Dunmore, then, with his wife and daughter and a distinguished company of believers (some 30,000), which included Sir Gilbert King and his wife and daughter, the Hon. Mrs Porter (daughter

Father Bernard Vaughan

Who has joined the merry ranks of the scourgers, and at Farm Street, lately, lashed out right and left about Society's absence from church, and its general naughtiness

Tings Vich Vos Equal to der Same Ting

"My vord, fardher—vhere did you git dat peautiful tiamond pin? Vos it left you in der vill of Uncle Isaac?"
"Vell, it vos der same ting. He left fifty pound for a funeral and fifty for a memorial stone—and dis is der stone"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE

"Lulu's" Success at St. Stephen's

Photo *Reginald Haine*

Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., First Commissioner of Works

Whose record this session has been a remarkable success, both by reason of his witty and able speeches and by his new Division rule, which has resulted in the saving of much time

of Lord Ashbourne), and Mrs. Conger (wife of the former American Minister to China), has been helping the notorious Mrs. Eb—er—Mrs. Eddy, to open a new temple in what one had supposed up to now to be the seat of Transatlantic culture—Boston. Whatever may be said, however, for and against Christian Science, there is no shadow of doubt that its practice has done Lord Dunmore a great deal of good. He says it has himself. Why, he has even confessed to a reporter—and one must be very far gone indeed to make confession to an American reporter—that Christian Science *alone* has entirely cured him of his almost ineradicable habit of smoking more cigarettes than Mrs. Eddy considered good for him.

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A Decorative Minister

His Majesty's First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., is taking a broad view of his duties. He evidently considers that part of them consists in doing what he can to brighten up gloomy old London, for, on my return to Town after the Whitsuntide recess, I noticed that the window-boxes of the house in Berkeley Square, which is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, or, as they are familiarly called, "Lulu," Harcourt, have been replenished with the pinkest and largest of pink geraniums. There is a great falling off this season in this pleasant and eminently Mayfairish form of decoration, and even Park Lane

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's house in Berkeley Square

Which is, just now, brilliant by virtue of the wonderful array of pink geraniums in its window-boxes

Photo **The crowd waiting for admission at Waring's new premises in Oxford Street last week** [*Campbell-Gray*

Every day last week, Waring's palatial new building was opened for public inspection, and thousands of people availed themselves of the opportunity to visit this new palace of commerce. The Queen paid a visit to the building on Tuesday week last, and though no sales were made during the week, at Her Majesty's request several articles were placed on one side for her. The outside of the building is decorated in the style of Hampton Court

A New Palace of Commerce

The dining-room in the £200 house at Waring and Gillow's new establishment in Oxford Street

One of the features of the new Waring's is the manner in which the furniture is set out in rooms, thus showing it off to the best advantage. A speciality is made in furnishing week-end cottages at figures varying from £100 to £750

Photos] **A facsimile of the Long Gallery at Knole, as exhibited at the Paris Exhibition** [*Campbell-Gray*

The firm is equally able to furnish a room for £20 or £20,000, examples of both extremes being here given. There are also magnificent specimens of both Jacobean and Louis XVI. drawing-rooms, and a dining-room decorated with carvings that Grinling Gibbons need not disown

Appointments in Art and Justice

houses have failed to come up to the usual mark in this respect.

Mr. Harcourt's taste in colour-schemes, however, cannot be said to be an indication of his character, which is a retiring one, although his maiden speech, made some years after he entered Parliament and some months after he was made a Minister of the Liberal Government, proved that he was a true son of his father—Sir William Harcourt. For it was terse, good-natured, witty, and withal full of just the right sort of information. Mr Harcourt, indeed, had he not been, as it were, nursed on Parliaments, may be said to be more fitted for the world of diplomacy than for the House of Commons, for he has the gentle and suave manners, the sweet temper, the broad and even mind which go to the making of a born diplomatist.

Photo *Moyse*

Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A.
New President of the Royal Society of British Artists

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New Appointments

Two appointments of the week—though of very different kinds and in very different spheres—have attracted general satisfaction; first, that of Mr. Justice Farwell, the popular and able judge, of War Stores Inquiry renown, to the vacant Lord Judgeship of Appeal, and the other is that of Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., the versatile and distinguished painter, to the Presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Weddings and Engagements

A wedding in which everyone is interested, from the highest to the lowest, and *vice versâ*, is that which takes place between the popular ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Austen Chamberlain—and Miss Dundas shortly at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and, at risk of repeating itself, THE BYSTANDER takes this opportunity of offering its sincerest congratulations.

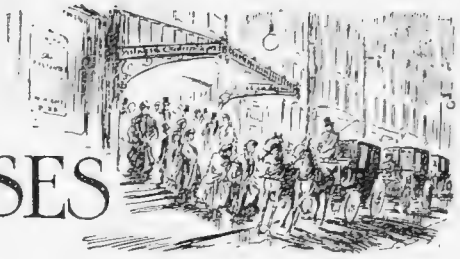
One of the most interesting engagements of the season is that of Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson and Captain Brassey; and two naval engagements lately announced are those of Lieut. Lord George Seymour, who is to marry Miss Skipworth, and Commander the Hon. Gerald Fitzmaurice Digby, R.N., to Lady Lilian Liddell, younger daughter of the second Earl of Ravensworth, and sister of Lady Mary Forestier-Walker. The present holder of the Ravensworth title is only quite distantly related to Lady Lilian and Lady Mary, and, as the third Earl of Ravensworth had no children, succeeded two years ago, to the barony only. Commander Digby, who is one of the most popular men in the Service, is a brother of Lord Digby and of the Dowager Lady Ashburton.

On the 14th, the wedding took place, at Ealing, of Captain E. H. Sweet, of the 2nd King Edward's Goorkhas, and Miss Hilda Boyall. BYSTANDER.

Photo *Bolak*

Mr. Justice Farwell, the popular and able new Lord Justice of Appeal

The PLAYHOUSES



Alhambra Theatre

"L'AMOUR"

The Sad Case of the Ballet in England

The little band of clever people which upholds the traditions of the ballet in London must often feel very disheartened. For the ballet is a form of entertainment which is not understanded of the people. Max Beerbohm, in a recent article, happily put his own case. "As a representation of life, ballet fails for me." A modest egoist, he merely recorded his own inability to appreciate. In this case he might well have spoken for an English audience in general. Yet the English ballet is the admiration of our Continental neighbours, so much care and expense are expended on its production. The carefully thought out evolutions of the *corps de ballet* and the pantomime of the principals—in fact, all the fine points of ballet—failing to awake any responsive chords in the spectators, it is a marvel that ballet should not long since have vanished from our boards. That it remains is due to a certain meed of childishness in the people. They regard the glitter and colour of ballet as a child regards a bauble—with wonderment, but without understanding. Moreover, when the scenario is a modern one, the audience are in a better position to judge. The most popular ballets have been *pot-pourris* of the life of the town. A good rattling dance of bootblacks and flower-girls, or the manœuvres, to martial music, of slim-waisted soldiery with pretty white legs—any kind of modern setting is better appreciated than scenario such as that of *L'Amour*, which harks us back to the period before the fall of the Assyrian Empire. With the Assyrians an English audience has little in common. They would be hard put to it to describe the distinctive features of Assyrian music, costume, or dance. It is surprising that the producers of ballet have not taken advantage of the ignorance of their patrons. Less scrupulous men would not have hesitated to palm off the very shoddiest stuff upon the people.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Signorina Marie Bordin

Prima Ballerina Assoluta in the new Alhambra ballet, *L'Amour*

Complexities of the Modern Ballet Girl

But years roll on, the people grow no wiser upon the subject of ballet, and they are given the best that brains and money can supply. It is marvellous. But the producers have not been entirely unaffected by the attitude of their patrons. Realising that the fine points go for little, they have been tempted to overload the *mise-en-scène*. One can imagine the most perfect form of dance to be the simplest, to be the dance in which the executant has no aids to expression beyond the natural aid of feet, hands, and features. The modern ballet girl takes the boards with as many "properties" as Tweedledum and Tweedledee took the field. She is seldom without a flowered parasol, or a flag, or a harp, or a hoop, or a lute, or a festoon of ribbons. She is as full of surprises as a conjurer. Complexity lurks in every fold of her skirt. As likely as not she can turn it inside out, and lo! there is the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes. Even her headdress, high as it is, is not above suspicion. It may appear to be a helmet, but when the music takes a bacchanalian turn, she will probably give it a twist and turn it into a drinking cup. The poor girl must be quite bewildered by the amount of "properties" she has to manipulate. Her music cue is not so much for a graceful figure of the dance as for her to lop across the stage from one corner and deposit an unweildy "property" in another. I say lop because it is the only word to describe a most ungainly movement by means of which she is condemned to perform her evolutions. This is the manner of it. She springs to the right, as if to alight on the right foot, and swiftly substitutes the left. It is as though she were suddenly stricken with paralysis in the one foot, and had perforce to

land on the other. Better a simple *chassez* step, or even a walk from the hips, than this dot-and-carry-one step. It is a species of lame dance. But what of *L'Amour*? It is the best the management could do with an Assyrian scenario. It is wonderfully staged with the wealth of "properties" of which I have spoken. The music is monotonous. But this may be an Assyrian touch.

The Ellen Terry Matinée

So much depends upon the point of view. To some the Ellen Terry Jubilee will be unforgettable from its association with the all-night vigil of the pittites. Numbers of others will strive to forget this lamentable feature of a celebration which, intended to do honour to the best-loved English actress, was seized upon by a class ever ready to snatch at any chance of acquiring a passing notoriety. It is unpleasant, after undergoing great hardships, to be called a fool for your pains, but what feelings were uppermost in the minds of those who strolled round after the theatre to watch the watchers? That they were gazing upon a little band of heroes and heroines? No, upon men and women who were old enough to know better. Self-glorification is attended at times by considerable discomfort. To be gazed at, to be photographed by flashlight, to tell the story of the all-night vigil at frequently recurring intervals during a long lifetime, these would, in the mind of a person of average humour and intelligence, prove but slight compensations for the appalling tedium of a twenty-four hours wait. It is difficult to forego protest at the ridiculous situations into which people are led who are inspired by this affection for themselves.

Happy Endings

If the box-office were always allowed to exert its influence, such a climax as an unhappy ending would be unknown upon the stage. So the budding playwright is well advised to round off his work with the marriage which, upon the stage, is somewhat rashly used as a synonym for happiness. But it is establishing a bad precedent to alter the last act in order to allow the playgoer to sit down to his supper in a contented frame of mind. Long before the last act has commenced, the play, if it have any artistic pretensions, should have shaped either as a tragedy or as a comedy. If a happy ending be looked upon as the best policy, then cast the play in the mould of comedy. But, having worked up to a point beyond the natural line to happiness, not much is gained by shunting the play on to a branch line. The new last act of *The Shulamite* may please the people, but it certainly does not improve the play. In *The Light that Failed*, Kipling, in deference to a tremendous popular outcry, deliberately changed the ending of the book. In the play adapted from the novel, the happy ending, of course, was utilised. The result was that the character of Maisie was entirely changed. Originally a clever psychological study of an unpleasant, self-centred little wretch, the character became the usual type of milk-and-water stage heroine. It will be interesting to watch the effect of the policy just adopted at the Savoy. I hope it will succeed, for the sake of Miss Lena Ashwell, for whom everyone wishes the best prosperity in her career as manager. But it is to be hoped that the example will not be widely followed. E. C. S.

Photo] **The Ellen Terry Matinée: Enthusiasts who waited thirty-six hours outside Drury Lane Theatre** *[Illustrations Bureau*

As early as five o'clock on the day before this historic matinée, one lady, who had walked from Nottingham, pitched her camp-stool outside the theatre. By eight o'clock a great many people had assured to themselves a seat, mostly, however, by means of proxies in the shape of messenger boys and members of the unemployed—a job exactly to the taste of the latter

The New Ballet "L'amour" at the Alhambra.

The Properties are perhaps a little fatiguing.

Mylitta:- Signorina Maria Bordin.

L'Epreuve d'Amour

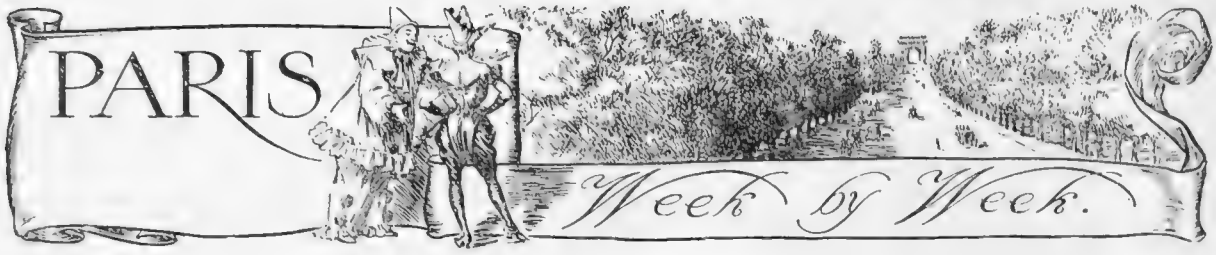
Temptation

The Wrath of King Darius.

Dance des Cheveux.

Dance des Poignards.
Signorina Enrica Varasie.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES



By FRANCES KEYZER

"Meva"

This year, to the delight of the good Parisian, a personage has made his appearance there who attracts general attention. Who is he? Whence does he come? He is a well-built man, with a flowing beard, his fair hair falling below his shoulders. Clad in a white robe, his feet in sandals, a staff in hand, he walks along the shaded avenues unheeding the sensation he creates. He has been nicknamed "Le Saint du Bois de Boulogne," a name singularly apposite and likely to cling to him. He calls himself Meva, but his real name is less euphonious. It is Salomonson. A few mornings ago I sat down under the trees, and a few minutes later Meva emerged from a little by-lane and took the seat next me. We conversed, and he at once developed his doctrines. According to him, if we but return to the original state of Nature, we may live again the happy days of Paradise, and he was just launching out in a violent diatribe against salt and tobacco, which, he says, are sent by the Evil One, when our conversation came to an abrupt end, and through an unforeseen incident. A carriage stopped, and from it alighted two ornaments of the half-world, who made straight for the hermit. One of them took out a small gold case and offered him a cigarette. But, like Saint Anthony, Meva was not to be tempted; and with a scathing remark that did not bring the faintest blush to the ladies' cheeks, he rose from his chair and resumed his walk, followed by a little crowd of idlers.

* * *

"All's Fair in Love"

Quite recently, I had occasion to refer to several elopements wherein motor-cars were brought into play; and now we are told of an altogether novel feat by two perverse lovers. These two young people — both belonging to first-class families—hit upon a strange expedient. Escorted by two friends, they called on the vicar of the Church of St. Pierre, and then the youth said, "I take this girl for my wife." "And I take this man for my husband," remarked the lady; whereupon both added in chorus, "Please bless us, for we are duly married!" The priest, thinking he had to deal with lunatics, explained to them that in France no marriage is valid unless first performed before the mayor. Also, that the religious ceremony could not be performed in such a slipshod manner. But the couple were not lunatics. They even knew canonic law better than the good old vicar, who, for the first time, learned from them that, in pursuance with an ancient edict of the Church, a marriage is binding if the parties come to a priest, and, in the presence of two witnesses, make the simple declaration that they accept one another as husband and wife. These two people, therefore, are undoubtedly married, and, as their parents are strict Catholics, it will be impossible for them to withhold their consent for the celebration of the civil ceremony. Everybody compliments the lovers on their smartness.

* * *

La Cantine Maternelle

Unpretentious, modest in every way, as if fearing to call too much attention, is *La Cantine Maternelle*, a great social work that has been undertaken by a handful of women. Turn the handle, there is no bell to ring, nobody to ask your business; all are welcome who are nursing a child. I watched three, four, five timid-looking women with babies in their arms, hesitate a moment, and pass in. I followed, and saw a whitewashed room with two long wooden tables, and seated at these tables were the five women I had noticed, and some twenty more, eating and drinking what was placed before them. Here was the great work accomplished. Here the most beautiful of social undertakings, the feeding of the hungry, without inquiry as to name, religion, or state. Married or single, the woman nursing her child had a right to the food offered so graciously, merely because she was a mother. There might be some among the number who were not in absolute poverty; but they are not asked any questions. They have come and they are fed. And the babies benefit by the nourishment, for the child the healthy food the mother takes is always an advantage, and the committee have decided to make no exceptions, to turn away none who enter.

* * *

An Object Worth Support

How, you may ask, is this food provided? Is there some millionaire financing it; some bequest that brings in an annual revenue? No. Simply three tender-hearted women, Mme. Caroline Reboux, Mme. Fournier, and Mme. Bizet, assisted by M. Jacques Cahen as secretary. They have faith in the future, and, although the funds are dwindling, they believe, and surely, that the work has only to be known to find the support it needs. For five months this handful of people have fed twice a day 9,406 women. Gifts of potatoes, coal, and beer have brought the meal to 25 centimes per head, according to the figures before me. The menus for the week show the luncheons are composed of a vegetable soup, a plate of fresh meat and potatoes; the dinners, of a soup and a dish of beans and bacon, varied with rice, milk, or macaroni, with as much bread as the women can eat, and a glass of beer and barley water at each meal. Need I say that any donation is welcomed by the brave little quartet.

The Progress of Queen Victoria

HER MAJESTY OF SPAIN AT A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH

The Queen and her brothers applauding King Alfonso's shooting

King Alfonso is a very good shot, and like most Continental gentlemen is very fond of pigeon shooting. The Queen presented a Cup, which was shot for last week

Photos (Stereograph) *Underwood and Underwood*

The Winner of the Queen's Cup: The Marquis de Villamajor thanking Her Majesty

The winner can be seen kissing the Queen's hand as Her Majesty congratulates him and presents the Cup

The Artistic Country Cottage—No. 2

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD COTTAGE WHICH RESEMBLES A BUILDING OF THE STUART PERIOD

Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., at "Graffham"

A week or two ago, we published some pictures of an old farmhouse at Winchfield, which, with slight alteration, has been made an ideal harbour of refuge from the whirl and turmoil of the world outside; and now we publish pictures of the home of Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., who has just such another ideal home in "Graffham," his artistic little cottage at Petworth, Sussex. Mr. La Thangue, whose work has quite a charm of its own, has several pictures in this year's Academy. By the way, both he and another artist of a very different style, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, are painters of which Dulwich is justly proud, for they were contemporaries at the school in the 'seventies, Mr. La Thangue winning a studentship at the Royal Academy the year after Mr. Forbes.

The Secret of its Charm

His cottage at Petworth was designed by Mr. Leonard Williams, of Clifford's Inn, and the peculiarity about it is that though in reality it was only built seven years ago, so carefully has it been designed that any observer might well be forgiven for thinking it a fine example of seventeenth-century work. This effect has been gained by having all the timber-work carefully adzed, while no varnish or anything of that sort has been used on the wood-work. In the design, too, unorthodox ways were followed, as, for instance, in the case of the mullioned windows, which, instead of being arranged with mathematical exactness, are placed seemingly in a haphazard style. The Sussex climate in a very few years has done the rest.

Another of the great charms of this cottage is that it was set down, so to speak, in the centre of a pine wood, which effectively secludes it from the rest of the world, and there is a charm in the natural wildness of its surroundings, encouraged by its tenant, which is entirely lacking in the orthodox flower garden. Mr. La Thangue has several original ideas on how a garden should be laid out, one of them being that, as a general rule, garden paths are much too narrow. The paths at "Graffham" do not err in this respect, but even now Mr. La Thangue wishes he had made them wider still!

To All Whom it May Concern

If any of our readers have already made a start in the direction of adapting some old-world cottage, we shall be very glad to receive particulars and photographs from them for the guidance of those who have not yet begun in this direction, but who have thought of doing so. What with the rush and stress of modern life, coupled with the timely advent of the motor, country cottages are becoming not only luxuries, but necessities, and though "Back to the Land" is just now to a great extent a mere catch phrase of some ultra enthusiasts, in the course of a few more years we prophesy that no city dweller will be satisfied without his "country seat" in the midst of beautiful nature.

A corner of the dining-room at "Graffham"

"Graffham" and Its Artist Occupant

Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., in the garden of "Graffham," his cottage at Petworth

The house, designed by Mr. Leonard Williams, of Clifford's Inn, is in the style of the seventeenth century, and though, in reality, only built seven years ago, very careful observation is needed to distinguish it from a genuine old structure. Nestled away in a pine wood, there is an exceptional charm in the natural wildness of its surroundings. Mr. La Thangue has original ideas on how to lay out a garden, one of them being to have very wide paths, as can be seen in the picture

Mixed Bathing "In Excelsis" : The

"BATHING-DRESS PARADE" IN ONE

Europe has few more attractive bathing resorts than Abbazia, the lovely seaside place which lies on the Gulf of Quarnero, a short steamer trip from Fiume. It is a cosmopolitan and a very happy crowd that, daily, in the season, takes possession of the rock-enclosed pool in which bathing is enjoyed. Th great from the display of hats favoured by the ladies quainter still are the men, who cover their he

The Delights of a Dip at Abbazia

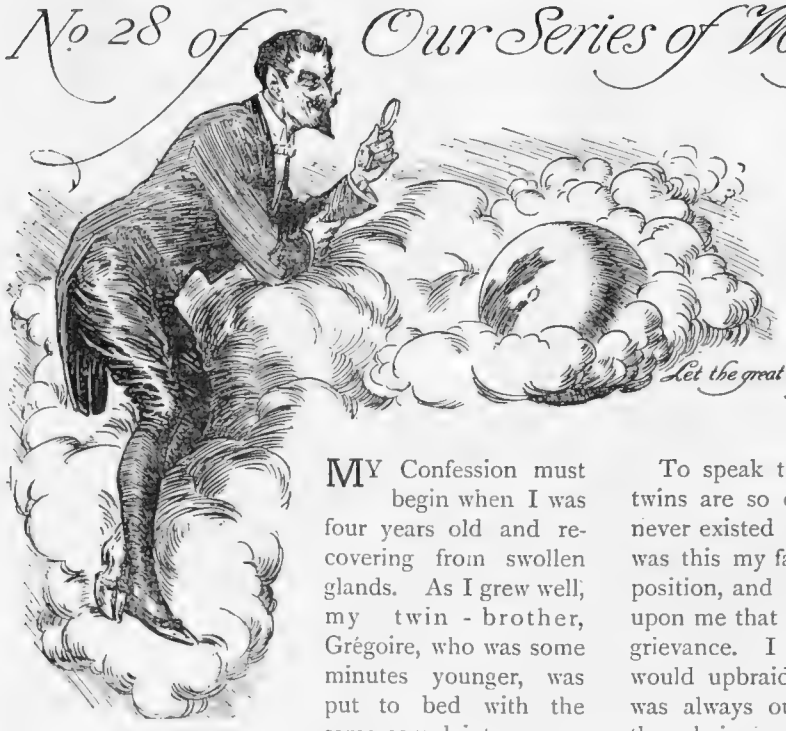
ONE OF THE FASHIONABLE POOLS

h greatest variety of costumes are worn, and e adies one might be parading in the Park. But heir heads with hats of all kinds, panamas, yachting caps, and even felt hats (most of them do not dip their heads), while it is no unusual thing to see a man in the sea with a hat on his head, a monocle, a moustache guard, and in his mouth a cigarette.

The Season for the Norwegian Fjords: A view of Merok

A picturesque corner of the Fjords is Merok, which is famous for its fine cliffs and waterfalls. It is on the itinerary of the P. & O. steam yacht, *Vectis*, which has now started its annual summer cruises from London to Norway, the North Cape, and Spitzbergen, and in which travellers can explore the neighbourhood of the Pole in comfort and luxury, and come back fully prepared for the English winter

No. 28 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Danger of Being a Twin

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "Whispers About Women," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

MY Confession must begin when I was four years old and recovering from swollen glands. As I grew well, my twin-brother, Grégoire, who was some minutes younger, was put to bed with the same complaint.

"What a misfortune," exclaimed our mother, "that Silvestre is no sooner convalescent than Grégoire falls ill!"

The doctor answered: "It astonishes me that you were not prepared for it, Madame Lapalme—since the children are twins, the thing was to be foreseen; when the elder throws the malady off, the younger naturally contracts it. Among twins it is nearly always so."

And it always proved to be so with Grégoire and me. No sooner did I throw off whooping-cough than Grégoire began to whoop, though I was at home in Vernon and he was staying with our grandmother in Tours. If I had to be taken to a dentist, Grégoire would soon afterwards be howling with toothache; as often as I indulged in the pleasures of the table, Grégoire had a bilious attack. The influence I exercised upon him was so remarkable, that once when my bicycle ran away with me and broke my arm, our mother consulted three medical men as to whether Grégoire's bicycle was bound to run away with him too. Indeed, my brother was distinctly apprehensive of it himself.

Of course, the medical men explained that he was susceptible to any abnormal physical or mental condition of mind, not to the vagaries of my bicycle. "As an example, madame, if the elder of two twins were killed in a railway accident, it would be no reason for thinking that an accident must befall a train by which the younger travelled. What sympathy can there be between locomotives? But if the elder were to die by his own hand, there is a strong probability that the younger would commit suicide also."

However, I have not died by my own hand, so Grégoire has had nothing to reproach me for on that score. As to other grounds—well, there is much to be said on both sides!

To speak truly, that beautiful devotion for which twins are so celebrated in drama and romance has never existed between my brother and myself. Nor was this my fault. I was of a highly sensitive disposition, and from my earliest years it was impressed upon me that Grégoire regarded me in the light of a grievance. I could not help having illnesses, yet he would upbraid me for taking them. Then, too, he was always our mother's favourite, and instead of there being caresses and condolences for me when I was indisposed, there was nothing but grief for the indisposition that I was about to cause Grégoire. This wounded me.

Again at college. I shall not pretend that I was a bookworm, or that I shared Grégoire's ambitions; on the contrary, the world beyond the walls looked such a jolly place to me that the mere sight of a classroom would sometimes fill me with abhorrence. But, mon Dieu! if other fellows were wild occasionally, they accepted the penalties, and the affair was finished; on me rested a responsibility—my wildness was communicated to Grégoire. Scarcely had I resigned myself to dull routine again than Grégoire, the industrious, would find himself unable to study a page, and would commit freaks for which he rebuked me most sternly. I swear my chief remembrance of my college days is Grégoire addressing pompous homilies to me in this fashion, when he was in disgrace with the authorities:—

"I ask you to remember, Silvestre, that you have not only your own welfare to consider—you have mine! I am here to qualify myself for an earnest career. Be good enough not to put obstacles in my path. Your levity impels me to distractions which I condemn even while I yield to them. I perceive a weakness in your nature that fills me with misgivings for my future; if you do not learn to resist temptation, to what errors may I not be driven later on—to what outbreaks of frivolity will you not condemn me when we are men!"

Well, it is no part of my confession to whitewash myself—his misgivings were realised! So far as I had any serious aspirations at all, I aspired to be a painter, and, after combatting my family's objections, I entered an art-school in Paris. Grégoire, on the other hand, inclined strongly to the law. During the next few years we met infrequently, but that my brother

Another "Worldly" story next week

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continued to be affected by any unusual conditions of my body and mind I knew by his letters, which seldom failed to contain expostulations and entreaties. If he could have had his way, indeed, I believe he would have shut me in a monastery.

Upon my word, I was not without consideration for him, but what would you have? To me, also, I think some sympathy was due. Regard the situation with my eyes! I was young, popular, an artist; my life was no more frivolous than the lives of others of my set; yet, in lieu of being free, like them, to call the tune and dance the measure, I was burdened with a heavier responsibility than weighs upon the shoulders of any paterfamilias. Let me but drink a bottle too much, and Grégoire, the grave, would subsequently manifest all the symptoms of intoxication. Let me but lose my head about a petticoat, and Grégoire, the righteous, would soon be running after a girl instead of attending to his work. I had a conscience—thoughts of the trouble that I was brewing for Grégoire would come between me and the petticoat and rob it of its charm; his abominable susceptibility to my caprices marred half my pleasures for me. Once, when I sat distrait, bowed by such reflections, a woman exclaimed, "What's the matter with you? One would think you had a family!" "Well," I said, "I have a twin!" And I went away. She was a pretty woman, too!

Do you suppose that Maître Lapalme—he was Maître Lapalme by then, this egregious Grégoire—do you suppose that he wrote to bless me for my sacrifice? Not at all! Of my heroisms he knew nothing—he was only conscious of my lapses. To read his letters one would have imagined that I was a reprobate, a creature without honour or remorse. I quote from one of them—it is a specimen of them all. Can you blame me if I had no love for this correspondent?

My Brother,

The Circumstances of Our Birth:—

Your attention is directed to my preceding communications on this subject. I desire to protest against the revelry from which you recovered either on the 15th or 16th inst. On the afternoon of the later date, while engaged in a conference of the first magnitude, I was seized with an overwhelming desire to dance a quadrille at a public ball. I found it impossible to concentrate my attention on the case concerning which I was consulted; I could no longer express myself with lucidity. Outwardly sedate, reliable, I sat at my desk dizzied by such visions as pursued St. Anthony to his cell. No sooner was I free than I fled from Vernon, dined in Paris, bought a false beard, and plunged wildly into the vortex of a dancing-hall. Scoundrel! This is past pardon! My sensibilities revolt, and my prudence shudders. Who shall say but that one night I may be recognised? Who can foretell to what blackmail you may expose me? I, Maître Lapalme, forbid your profligacies, which devolve upon me; I forbid——" etc.

Such admissions my brother sent to me in a disguised handwriting, and unsigned; perhaps he feared that his blackmailer might prove to be myself!

Our mother still lived in Vernon, where she contemplated her favourite son's success with h: profoundest pride. Occasionally I spent a few days with her, sometimes even more, for she always pressed me to remain. I think she pressed me to remain, not from any pleasure in my society, but because she knew that while I was at home I could commit no actions that would corrupt Grégoire. One summer, when I visited her, I met Mademoiselle Leuillet.

Mademoiselle Leuillet was the daughter of a widower, a neighbour. I remember that when our servant first announced her, I thought, "What a nuisance; how bored I am going to be!" And then she came in, and in an instant I was spellbound.

I am tempted to describe Berthe Leuillet to you as she entered our salon that afternoon in a white frock, with a basket of roses in her little hands, but I know very well that no description of a girl ever painted her to anybody yet. Suffice it that she was beautiful as an angel, that her voice was like the music of the Spheres—more than all, that one felt all the time, "How good she is, how good, how good!"

I suppose the impression that she made upon me was plainly to be seen, for when she had gone, my mother remarked, "You did not say much; are you always so silent in young girls' company?" "No," I answered, "I do not often meet such young girls."

But afterwards I often met Berthe Leuillet.

Never since I was a boy had I stayed in Vernon for so long as now; never had I repented so bitterly as now the error of my ways. I loved, and it seemed to me sometimes that my attachment was reciprocated, yet my position forebade me to go to Monsieur Leuillet and ask boldly for his daughter's hand. While I had remained obscure, artists of my acquaintance, whose talent was no more remarkable than my own, had raised themselves from bohemia into prosperity. I abused myself, I acknowledged that I was an idler, a good-for-nothing, I declared that the punishment that had overtaken me was no more than I deserved. And then—well, then I owned to Berthe that I loved her!

Deliberately I should not have done this before seeking her father's permission, but it happened in the hour of our "good-bye," and I was suffering too deeply to subdue the impulse. I owned that I loved her—and when I left for Paris we were secretly engaged.

Mon Dieu! Now I worked indeed! To win this girl for my own, to show myself worthy of her innocent faith, supplied me with the most powerful incentive in life. In the Quarter they regarded me first with ridicule, then with wonder, and, finally, with respect. For my enthusiasm did not fade. "He has turned over a new leaf," they said, "he means to be famous!" It was understood. No more excursions for Silvestre, no more junketings and recklessness! In the morning as soon as the sky was light I was at my easel; in the evening I studied, I sketched, I wrote to Berthe, and re-read her letters. I was another man—my ideal of happiness was now a wife and home.

For a year I lived this new life. I progressed. Men—men whose approval was a cachet—began to speak of me as one with a future. In the Salon a picture of mine made something of a stir. How I rejoiced, how grateful and sanguine I was! All Paris sang "Berthe" to me; the criticisms in the papers, the felicitations of my friends, the praise of the Public, all meant Berthe—Berthe with her arms about me, Berthe on my breast!

I said that it was not too soon for me to speak

(Continued on page 600)

"Othello" at the Lyric Theatre

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Othello *(Mr. Lewis Waller)* **runs at Iago** *(Mr. H. B. Irving)*

"Are there no stones in heaven
"But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!"

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THIS REVIVAL, THE PLAY, FIRST PRODUCED FOR A FEW MATINEES, WAS LAST SATURDAY PUT INTO THE EVENING BILL AT THE LYRIC THEATRE IN PLACE OF "BRIGADIER GERARD"

(Continued from page 598)

now; I had proved my mettle, and, though I foresaw that her father would ask more before he gave his consent, I was, at least, justified in avowing myself. I telegraphed to my mother to expect me; I packed my portmanteau with trembling hands, and threw myself into a cab.

On the way to the station, I noticed the window of a florist; I bade the driver stop, and ran in to bear off some lilies for Berthe. The shop was so full of wonderful flowers that, once among them, I found some difficulty in making my choice. Hence, I missed the train; and, rather than walk about until the next, returned to my studio, incensed by the delay. A letter for me had been just delivered. It told me that on the previous morning Berthe had married my brother.

I could have welcomed a pistol shot—my world rocked. Berthe lost, false, Grégoire's wife! I reiterated it, I said it over and over, I was stricken by it—and yet I could not realise that actually it had happened. It seemed too treacherous, too horrible to be true.

Oh, I made certain of it later, believe me—I was no hero of a feuilleton, to accept such intelligence without proof! I assured myself of her perfidy, and burnt her love letters one by one; tore her photographs into shreds—strove also to tear her image from my heart.

Ah, that mocked me, that I could not tear! A year before I should have rushed to the cafés for forgetfulness, but now, as the shock subsided, I turned feverishly to work. I told myself that she had wrecked my peace, my faith in women, that I hated and despised her; but I swore that she should not have the triumph of wrecking my career, too. I said my art still remained to me—that I would find oblivion in my art.

Brave words! But one does not recover from such blows so easily.

For months I persisted, denying myself the smallest respite, clinging to a resolution which proved vainer daily. Were art to be mastered by dogged endeavour, I should have conquered; but alas! though I could compel myself to paint, I could not compel myself to paint well. It was the perception of this fact that shattered me at last. I had fought temptation for half a year, worked with my teeth clenched, worked against nature, worked while my pulses beat and clamoured for the draughts of dissipation, which promised a speedier release. I had wooed Art, not as her lover, but as a tortured soul may turn to one woman in the desperate hope of subduing his passion for another—and Art would yield nothing to a suitor who thus approached her so; I recognised that my work had been wasted, that the struggle had been useless—I broke down.

I need say little of the months that followed—it would be a record of degradations and remorse; alternately, I fell, and was ashamed. There were days when I never left the house, when I was repulsive to myself; I shuddered at the horrors I had committed. No saint has loved virtue better than I did during those long sick days of self-disgust; no man was ever more sure of defying such hideous temptations if they recurred. As my lassitude passed, I would take up my brushes and feel confident for an hour, or for a week. And then temptation would creep on me once more—humming in my ears, and tingling in my veins. And temptation had lost its loathsomeness now—it looked again attractive. It was a siren, it dizzied my conscience, and stupefied my common-sense. Back to the mire!

One afternoon when I returned to my rooms, from which I had been absent since the previous day, I heard from the concierge that a visitor awaited me. I climbed the stairs without anticipation. My thoughts were sluggish, my limbs leaden, my eyes heavy and bloodshot. Twilight had gathered, and as I entered I discerned merely the figure of a woman. Then she advanced—and all hell seemed to leap flaring to my heart. My visitor was Berthe.

I think nearly a minute must have passed while we looked speechlessly in each other's face—her's convulsed by entreaty, mine dark with hate.

"Have you no word for me?" she whispered.

"Permit me to offer my congratulations on your marriage, madame," I said. "I have had no earlier opportunity."

"Forgive me," she gasped, "I have come to beseech your forgiveness! Can you not forget the wrong I did you?"

"Do I look as if I had forgotten?"

"I was inconstant, cruel, I cannot excuse myself. But, O Silvestre, in the name of the love you once bore me, have pity on us! Reform, abjure your evil courses! Do not, I implore you, condemn my husband to this abyss of depravity; do not wreck my married life!"

Now I understood what had procured me the honour of a visit from this woman, and I triumphed devilishly that I was the elder twin.

"Madame," I answered, "I think that I owe you no explanations, but I shall say this: the evil courses that you deplore were adopted, not vindictively, but in the effort to numb the agony that you had made me suffer. You but reap as you have sown."

"Reform!" she sobbed. She sank on her knees before me. "Silvestre, in mercy to us, reform!"

"I shall never reform," I said inflexibly. "I will grow more abandoned day by day—my past faults shall shine as merits compared with the atrocities that are to come. False girl, monster of selfishness, you are dragging me to the gutter, and your only grief is that *he* must share my shame! You have robbed me of my soul, and you have no regret but that my iniquities must re-act on *him!* By the shock that stunned him in the first flush of your honeymoon, you know what I experienced when I received the news of your deceit; by the anguish of repentance that overtakes him after each of his orgies, which revolt you, you know that I was capable of being a nobler man. The degradation that you behold is your own work. You have made me bad, and you must bear the consequences—you cannot now make me good to save your husband!"

Humbled and despairing, she left me.

I repeat that it is no part of my confession to palliate my guilt; the sight of her had served merely to inflame my resentment—and it was at this stage that I began deliberately to contemplate revenge.

But not the one that I had threatened. Oh, no! I bethought myself of a vengeance more complete than that! What, after all, were these escapades of

(Continued on page 602)

"The Shulamite" at the Savoy

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

SIMEON KRILLET (*Mr. Norman McKinnell*) to DEBORAH (*Miss Lena Ashwell*): "What beautiful hair you have, Deborah"

Simeon is a Boer farmer of the old type, married to a girl who has another lover in an English overseer (Mr. Ainley). The play is one in which Miss Ashwell carries off the principal honours

(Continued from page 600)

his, that were followed by contrition, that saw him again and again a penitent at her feet? There should be no more of such trifles; she should be tortured with the torture that she had dealt to me—I would make him adore another woman with all his heart and brain!

It was difficult, for first I must adore, and tire, of another woman myself—as the passion in me faded, his would be born. I swore, however, that I would compass it, that I would worship some woman for a year—two years, as long as possible. Though he would be at peace in the meantime, the longer my enslavement lasted, the longer Berthe would suffer when her punishment began.

For some weeks now I worked again, to provide myself with money. I bought new clothes and made myself presentable. When my appearance accorded better with my plan, I paraded Paris, seeking the woman to adore.

You may think Paris is full of adorable women? Well, so contrary is human nature, that never had I felt such indifference towards the sex as during that tedious quest; never had a pair of brilliant eyes, or a well-turned neck, appealed to me so little. After a month, my search seemed hopeless; I had viewed women by the thousand, but not one with whom I could persuade myself that I might fall violently in love.

How true it is that only the unforeseen comes to pass! There was a model, one Thérèse, whose fortune was her back, and who had long bored me by an evident tenderness. One day, this Thérèse, usually so constrained in my presence, appeared in high spirits, and mentioned that she was going to be married.

The change in her demeanour interested me; for the first time, I perceived that the attractions of Thérèse were not limited to her back. A little piqued, I invited her to dine with me. If she had said "yes," doubtless that would have been the end of my interest; but she refused. Before I parted from her, I made an appointment for her to sit to me the next morning.

"So you are going to be married, Thérèse?" I said, as I prepared the palette.

"In truth," she answered, gaily.

"No regrets?" I asked.

"What regrets could I have?" she returned. "He is a very pretty boy, and well-to-do, believe me!"

"And *I* am not a pretty boy, nor well-to-do, hein?"

"Oh," she laughed, "you do not care for me!"

"Is it so?" I said. "What would you say if I told you that I do care?"

"I should say that you tell me too late, monsieur," she replied, with a shrug. "Are you ready for me to pose?" And this changed woman turned her peerless back on me without a scruple.

A little mortified, I attended strictly to business for the rest of the morning. But I found myself on the following day waiting for her with impatience.

"And when is the event to take place?" I inquired, more eagerly than I chose to acknowledge. This was by no means the sort of enchantress that I had been seeking, you understand.

"In the spring," she said. "Look at the ring he has given to me, monsieur; is it not beautiful?"

I remarked that Thérèse's hands were very well shaped, and indeed, happiness had brought a certain charm to her face.

"Do you know, Thérèse, that I am sorry that you are going to marry?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, get out!" she laughed, pushing me away. "It is no good your talking nonsense to me now, don't flatter yourself!"

Reybaud, the sculptor, happened to come in at that moment. "Oho," he shouted, "what changes are to be seen! The nose of our brave Silvestre is out of joint now we are affianced, hein?"

She joined in his laughter against me, and I picked up my brush again in a vile humour.

Well, as I have said, she was not the kind of woman I had contemplated, but these things arrange themselves—I became seriously enamoured of her. And, recognising that Fate works with her own instruments, I did not struggle. For months I was at Thérèse's heels; I was the sport of her whims, and her slights, sometimes even of her insults. I actually made her an offer of marriage, at which she snapped her white fingers, with a grimace—and the more she flouted me, the more fascinated I grew. In that rapturous hour when her insolent eyes softened to sentiment, when her mocking mouth melted to a kiss, I was in Paradise. My ecstasy was so supreme that I forgot to triumph at my approaching vengeance.

So I married Thérèse; and yesterday was the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Berthe? To speak the truth, my plot against her was frustrated by an accident. You see, before I could communicate my passion to Grégoire I had to recover from it, and—this insolent Thérèse!—I have not recovered from it yet. There are days when she turns her remarkable back on me now—generally when I am idle—but, mon Dieu! the moments when she turns her lips are worth working for. Therefore, Berthe has been all the time quite happy with the good Grégoire—and since I possess Thérèse, upon my word of honour I do not mind!

LEONARD MERRICK.

One Summer's Day

[*The up-river season is once more in full swing.*—DAILY PAPER.]

When the water gleams and ripples in the sunlight,
And panamas and flannels are the wear,
I mind me of a sultry day, and one night,
I mind me of a maiden, dark, but fair.
She wore a gown of muslin and some red flowers at her waist,
And she was young, and I was young, and both of us had taste.

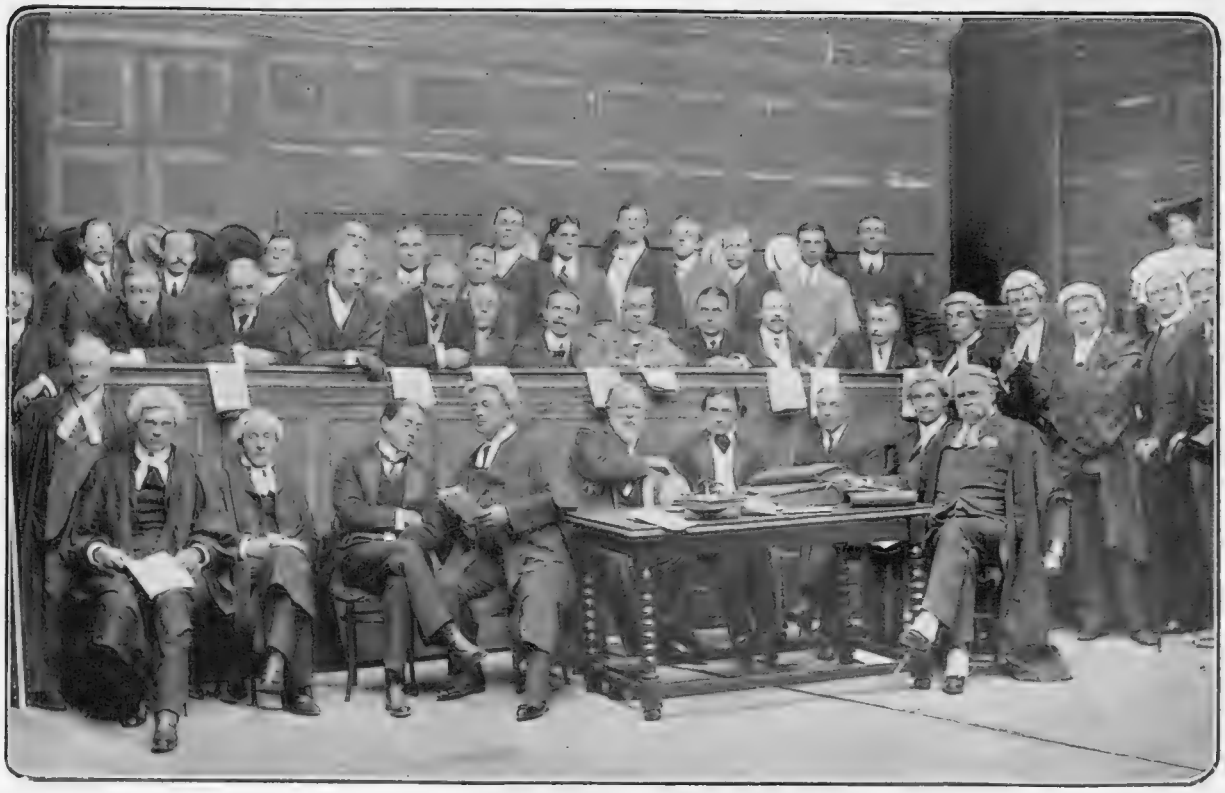
She was queen upon a house-boat up the river;
I was owner of a natty, smart canoe;
She exacted all the homage I could give her,
And paid with one day's *solitude-à-deux*.
She lay on my red cushions, and I mind her feet were small,
And I wooed her with a frenzy, which she didn't mind at all.

We talked poetry, and nonsense, and between-whiles
There were sandwiches of lobster and of cress,
And she tossed me little chansonettes and sweet smiles,
And long-drawn, lazy looks, like a caress!
Then homeward midst the lanterns, and the stars came out to see——
I wonder if she wed——and whom——I know it wasn't me!

F. W. SAUNDERSON

"Trial by Jury" at the Terry Matinée

WELL-KNOWN LITIGANTS, WITNESSES, AND JURORS



The Scene in Court: Jurors and Court officials

In the front row will be recognised Messrs. Acton Bond, Walter Passmore (Usher), Anthony Hope, Arthur Collins, Rutland Barrington, Comyns Carr, Martin Harvey. Dion Boucicault, Henry Lytton, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert (Associate), the author, while at the back are numerous well-known people as Jurymen. Miss Ruth Vincent was the Plaintiff, and Mr. Courtice Pounds the Defendant

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Group of bridesmaids, with defendant (Mr. Courtice Pounds) in the middle

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Olive May, Miss Mollie Lowell, Miss Aida Jenouro, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Daisy Atherton, Miss Olive Morrell, and Miss Agnes Fraser
FRONT ROW: Miss Decima Moore, Miss Louie Pounds, and Miss Zena Dare

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Heresies of Sea Power." By Fred. T. Jane. (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Pageant of London." 2 vols. By Richard Davey. (Methuen: 15*s.* net.)
"The Religion of Nature." By E. K. Robinson. (Hodder: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

FICTION

"Lady Betty Across the Water." By Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Bridal of Anstace." By Elizabeth Godfrey. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

POETRY

"Songs to a Singer." Poems. By Rosa Newmarch. (John Lane.) 4*s.*

"Too-Much-Nelson" Jane

For so many years, thanks to the admirable Captain Mahan, have we been listening to platitudes in connection with sea-power, that it is a relief to turn for a while to the paradox. This is provided us, in brilliant and exhaustive form, by the irrepressible Mr. Fred. T. Jane in *Heresies of Sea Power* (Longmans; 12*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Jane is the gentleman who startled a meeting of the Navy League some years ago with a protest against "Too much Nelson" in its deliberations, and there is plenty of equally dare-devil criticism in his interesting book. Briefly, he sets forth to prove that the essential to sea-power is not numbers, design, nor construction, nor the speed, nor the distribution of your fleet, but—the "fitness to win" of every man Jack of your Navy. What a superb sentiment! Mr. Jane enforces it logically on one from the first by proving that in the classic battles of the past the fighter with every material superiority has been defeated by the foe who is "fit to win." This simple truth is illustrated in nearly every great war from the Peloponnesian to the Russo-Japanese. The Punic Wars, Actium and Lepanto, and the Spanish Armada alike confirm Mr. Jane in his "fitness to win" theory. In the Russo-Jap War, too, materially speaking, Russia was not Japan's inferior, but Japan had the "fitness," and won. Mr. Jane believes that had Rojdestvensky's ill-starred squadron been manned by Togo and his Japs, and had they followed "Roj's" own strategy (which Mr. Jane says was good), the Japs would have won, because of the patriotism and spirit of each individual unit.

Hermann Sudermann

A translation of whose novel, "The Undying Past," by Miss Beatrice Marshall, has been published by Mr. John Lane. Sudermann is best known to English people as a playwright, and "Magda" is his most familiar work here

The Usual German Invasion

True to his anti-Nelson attitude above mentioned, Mr. Jane jumps a little, now and again, on the Admiral. He contends that Trafalgar is an overrated affair, which did not necessarily save us from invasion in 1805, because, forsooth, "there is no reason to suppose that Napoleon contemplated any invasion in face of the unbeaten British Fleet. Whatever lessons it may convey, Napoleon's 'projected invasion' is not evidence as to what would befall an attempt at invasion to-day or to-morrow in face of a superior fleet." On this fascinating question, Mr. Jane says that Germany would, to be successful, have to attack us darkly and treacherously, like a "bolt from the blue," in time of peace. She would have had to mass 100,000 men without exciting suspicion, and embark them in 200 ships, also without suspicion, as well as to disqualify the British Fleet from arriving on the scene to stop embarkation. And even then, supposing a German army were to march on London, Mr. Jane very much doubts whether that would end the war, for the arrival of the British Fleet, even *after* successful invasion, would make havoc with the invaders. Altogether, on this point, Mr. Jane has much to say that is consoling, while throughout emphasising the doctrine of "fitness." He is a more philosophical and an infinitely more interesting writer on naval matters than most others that I know of, and it is possible to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest his theories without being any kind of an expert.

A Novel by Sudermann

The death of Ibsen will, probably, result not only in a revived interest in the realistic dramas of that great man himself, but also in the work of certain of his contemporaries. Among these is, chiefly, Hermann Sudermann, and Miss Beatrice Marshall is to be congratulated on the moment of the appearance of her translation of his novel, *The Undying Past* (John Lane: 6*s.*), by the author of "Magda," "Ehre," and other famous plays. She certainly succeeds in Anglicising the author's style and mannerism as well as one could wish, and if the novel is somewhat lengthy, and the narrative not specially concise, that is the fault of that curious whim of the Creator which gave us Germans, and made them what they are. *The Undying Past* is the sort of book one would

rejoice to possess were one stranded for a week or so in a place where there were no other books and no newspapers—or were one waiting for the next circle train on a District Railway station—it is a book that requires time and concentrated attention. An attempt to get the hang of it, to breathe its atmosphere (Prussian provincial), to like and to understand its participants (Prussian officers, aristocrats, students, and their attendant women-folk), in a spirit of vulgar haste, were a waste of effort and temper. The German novel, like most things German—food, drink, music, art, government, and Emperor—is much better than it seems, and, given a certain amount of "*Freundschaftliche Beziehungen*" (which, as THE BYSTANDER pointed out the other day, is German for *entente cordiale*), the reading of the Sudermann book should prove a gratifying experience.

Among the "Four Hundred"

Of all the middle-classes of the world, there is none so middle as the "Four Hundred" of New York. Its standard of refinement and its estimate of social values is suburban to a degree unsurpassed by Brixton at its dowdiest, but aided by its great wealth, it is enabled to invest its ideas and its actions with an importance denied to that worthy suburb. *Lady Betty Across the Water*, by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, gives English readers a happy glimpse of the peculiarities of the body which constitutes itself the *élite* of New York, and which moves, in one piece, at automatic intervals, 'twixt Fifth Avenue and Newport and *Eu*-rope, and which, outside Brixton, has quite the funniest notions of who and what constitute "high society" that obtain on this planet. Lady Betty, the younger daughter of a peerless Duke, is packed off to America to be out of the way of hindering an elder sister's matrimonial chances. In America, she experiences the "Four Hundred," and her experience is, of course, as to a well-bred and intelligent English girl it would be, one of sustained surprise and amusement. As a study in snobbishness the book is exquisite, and it leaves one more than ever convinced that social ideas in England, compared with those over the pond, are democratic to the finest point. The Williamsons' sketches of characters, typical members of the "Four Hundred," are delightfully realistic; and there is quite a pretty little romance running through the book, in which Lady Betty conceives an attachment, on the passage out, for a handsome young steerage passenger, much to the disgust of Mrs. Stuyvesant Knox, her chaperon. The book has so much that is fresh, and bright, and piquant, that it can almost be called the best light novel of the season.

Photo] **Mrs. C. N. Williamson** *[Russell*

Who, with Mr. Williamson, has written a very amusing story of an English girl in American Society, "Lady Betty Across the Water" (Methuen: 6*s.*)

To Beguile 'Bus Rides

"The best way to see London is from the top of a 'bus," said Mr. Gladstone, and, acting on his advice, Mr. A. St. John Adcock has made *London from the Top of a 'Bus* the subject of a book (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.*), in which the city from that aspect is described, and illustrated by forty-seven illustrations (Henry Irving) If Mr. Adcock does not succeed in being specially interesting, or in giving us any novel or original impressions of a subject which lends itself so richly thereto, he revels in historical facts and details, names, dates, and things, which are doubtless accurate, and would, probably, be found useful to anybody so eccentric, these warm days, as to be seeking to improve his knowledge while traversing London's highways and byways.

Nature Philosophy

Mr. E. Kay Robinson, of the "Country Day by Day" in the *Daily Mail*, has embarked on the thorny paths of philosophy, and in *The Religion of Nature* (Hodder: 3*s.* 6*d.*) puts forward certain interesting personal views as to the principles which should guide us in our relations with the animal and plant world. Mr. Robinson is a distinct accession to the ranks of the philosophers, and his authority on natural history and the sincerity of his opinions are manifest throughout the volume, which should certainly be read by all nature-lovers.

In Brief

A thrilling addition to my now overwhelming collection of motor novels comes in the shape of *The Terror of the Road*, by a writer who styles himself Vivian Grey. It is exciting and readable, and published by Messrs. Everett and Co. at the price of sixpence.—Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, whose writings on Russian music are so well-informed and sympathetic, has issued a volume of poems, which are entitled *Songs to a Singer* (John Lane). The most attractive of them are the author's poems in the metre of Russian and Tartan folk-songs, which betray no uncertain grasp of Slavonic poetic sentiment. VIVIAN CARTER.

The Queen and the Camera

SOME MORE EXAMPLES OF HER MAJESTY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SKILL

BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

An excellent Kodak snapshot at Windsor of the picturesque ceremony of Changing the Guard

BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A Royal fishing party, with Princess Victoria in the stern of the boat

BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Entrance to the grounds of the Imperial Palace, Potsdam. Photographed from the Palace

The Cult of the Kodak

MORE CAMERA WORK BY CLEVER AMATEURS

By the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Goschen, wife of the Hon. W. H. Goschen, son of Viscount Goschen

A street scene in Taormina, in Sunny Sicily

By Lady Nugent, the wife of Sir Edward Nugent

"A cheery pair"

By Sir James Pender, the celebrated authority in all that pertains to telegraphy

Where "Niagara stuns with thundering sound"

"Urbs in Rure"

THE PROGRESS OF THE GARDEN CITY AT LETCHWORTH

3 Photos Pd

(1)

Workmen's cottages, for which the rent is five shillings a week, most of which are occupied by families who formerly lived in congested London districts

(2)

Bird's Hill Cottages, an example of what can be erected for £175 to £250

(3)

A neat little cottage, containing three bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the estate. The cost of building was about £250

The Growth of the Movement

TWO years ago the Garden City at Letchworth was mainly a city of notice boards announcing the prospective erection of various buildings. Now a great part of the city is actually in existence. Over four and a half miles of roads have been made, and houses and works are springing up on every side. Rumours of various new arrivals are rife, and one of them says that a well-known publisher is now opening new and extensive works at Letchworth, at which a great many people will be employed. Though the town, when complete, is intended for 30,000 people, yet every precaution has been taken to preserve the rusticity of the district as far as possible, and out of the 4,000 odd acres which comprise the estate, only 1,300 acres will be used for building purposes. There is also a beautiful park and golf course on the estate. Within easy reach of London, and yet in the heart of the country, the Garden City should not be long before it has its full complement of citizens.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur Championship: A Warning to Amateurs

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

It is somewhat difficult during the hurly-burly of a Championship to form a clear perception of the trend of events and of the import of the meeting; it is only when one has had time to digest matters that he is able to draw definite conclusions and to sum up the net results. The first thing that must strike the impartial observer of this year's Amateur Championship is the distinct deterioration in amateur play. No Amateur Championship that I can call to mind has pointed this out more clearly than this one. I watched as many matches as natural human limitations permitted me to do, and I took pains to select those contests in which the most likely players were engaged. With the exception of Mr. Fry and Mr. Blackwell, I saw all the favourites endeavouring to justify the admiration of their friends and supporters, but I must honestly say that not one of them exhibited the form which alone can, or ought to, bring success to an aspirant for Championship honours. When I compare the play shown us by Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Fry four years ago with that of this year's final, I must confess that the only simile fitted to the occasion is the one used by Hamlet when comparing his father with the King, "Hyperion to a Satyr." Now there must be some cause for this deterioration; there must be some reason for the ever widening gap between professional and amateur play; it must be possible to put a finger on this plague spot, and point the way to a cure.

The Seriousness of Play

The root cause, I think, lies in this: that the amateurs do not take the game seriously enough. I know very well what the answer will be. It will be said that golf is a game, and that the principal end of a mere game is amusement; that amateurs play to amuse themselves, and that it is not their business to turn a mere game into a serious pursuit; let the professionals do this. Well and good; but for heaven's sake let the amateurs keep the game free from all this solid and serious side; in a word, let amateurs beware of justifying the French idea of the English nation, by taking their pleasures too seriously. Now I do not deny for a moment that from one point of view the above statement of argument is quite good. I am all for playing the game as a game, and not as a serious study, *at ordinary times*; where I differ from a great many good and worthy people is, in maintaining that an Amateur Championship is not an ordinary occasion. No one is compelled to enter for the Amateur Championship, and if a man prefers to devote his spare time to friendly matches for amusement, by all means let him do so, but let him refrain from cumbering the ranks of would-be champions. But I do most emphatically urge upon those who do contemplate a dash for Championship honours the supreme necessity of a proper preparation for the ordeal.

More Training Needed

So I come back to the necessity for a fitting training for this arduous event. I know that many authorities are against me on this point, but I fancy that the hard logic of facts and results will convince even my stoutest opponents that the man who wishes to win a Championship, whether amateur or professional, must carefully prepare himself for the event, in other words must train himself. To those who argue that golf is only a game, I would reply, "Why then have an Amateur Championship at all? If you do not care to take the thing seriously, you had better, by far, abolish the tournament and resume your friendly matches and your medal scrambles and leave the higher walks of golf severely alone to the professionals. By so doing you would, at least, spare us the humiliation of watching two players, presumably, by the results of the matches, the two best amateurs of the year, giving an exhibition of golf that would have been humorous if it had not been so painfully melancholy." The idea that golf is a game which can be played to its highest point in a happy-go-lucky way is the most atrocious fallacy yet invented for the undoing of a would-be champion. Men at Oxford and Cambridge row and run for their amusement, but what would be thought of them if, when their respective races were near at hand, they were to go on taking no thought of the morrow and trusting to their pluck, physical stamina, and ordinary health, to pull them through the critical contest without going through the form of training necessary for the particular struggle they have to sustain. Luckily or unluckily for them (it depends on the point of view) no rowing or running race can be gone through by a man untrained without serious risks to his physical well-being. An untrained rower or runner may inflict injuries on himself which would remain with him for the rest of his life. But to the untrained golfer no such evil results will happen; all that he will suffer from is poor play, annoyance in finding himself beaten by inferior players, and disappointment at his inability to produce his proper form at the critical moment. But I do most firmly believe that his bad and faulty play is the result of want of proper preparation.

Hints for the Future

If the Amateur Championship is to continue to be regarded as a serious event, then it follows that our great players ought to take it seriously, and give up

for a few weeks previously certain things, whether smoking in excess, late nights, and other causes of unfitness, which militate against clearness of eye, firmness of nerve, and absolute physical fitness. As I have said on previous occasions, golf naturally does not require the same sort of training as running or rowing, but it does most certainly require some sort of training, and without that modified form of training no man may hope to pass through the trying test of five days of continuous and severe matches with either success or credit. Time after time, in the various matches which I followed, did I see palpable signs of want of nerve on critical occasions—want of nerve shown by players who have not hitherto been supposed to be afflicted with poor nerve, and whose breakdown I attribute to the want of proper preparation. Good nerves, *ceteris paribus*, depend on physical fitness. If the player is not thoroughly fit, his nerves find him out when the pinch comes, and the putt, on which his salvation depends, is either so lamentably short that, in golfing parlance, he is out of holing distance, or is so poorly played that the word "dead" must, for the future, be ruled out of the terms of the game.

A Summing Up

To sum up: if the Amateur Championship is not to degenerate into the same sort of glorified picnic as the International match, then our leading amateurs must take it more seriously, and devote a few weeks in each year to a proper and careful preparation for it. Why is such an event as the proposed Gentlemen *v.* Players fixture looked upon as a ridiculous idea? Only because amateur play has deteriorated to such a degree as to make the outcome of such a meeting at the present moment a ludicrously foregone conclusion. Amateur play has only deteriorated to this grave extent because the leading amateurs refuse to take either their own or the Open Championship seriously. It would do them all the good in the world to have to meet the professionals, and to get the severe thrashing which would assuredly be their fate. They would then, perhaps, for the sake of preventing themselves from cutting too ridiculous a figure, be induced for a short time to give up a few idle pleasures for the sake of coming to the post in the fittest possible condition, so that, even if beaten, they should not be disgraced, and should be able to feel that they had done all that in mortals lay to deserve success, if they could not command it.

Why not an Annual Match between Amateurs and Professionals?

It is for the sake of dragging amateur play out of its present slough of despond that I urge the institution of a match between gentlemen and players Let us either take things seriously, or let us abolish Amateur Championship, International Match, and other forms of golf purporting by their nature to be important contests, and revert to our private matches. But if we wish to continue these great tests of play, our leading players must train themselves for the critical occasion. As one of the best means to this desirable end, I can conceive nothing better than an annual match between amateurs and professionals.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

To save the life of the railway porter

The new device at Liverpool Street Station (invented by a member of the G.E.R. staff) by which a passenger can see at a glance what trains are going forward from hour to hour, and can, without pestering the railway porter, get an idea of where any train will take him if he takes it

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Yachting: The Clyde Fortnight

This year the yachting season opened on the Clyde instead of on the Thames, the date of the Clyde fortnight having been altered from the first two weeks in July to the first two in June. The experiment was a bold one, but it seems to have been justified by results, for there were good entries all through, both in the "class" races and in the handicaps, and it is some time since there has been any racing as interesting, in spite of the fact that one or two of the matches were rather spoilt by calms. First in importance, of course, came the matches between the big cutters, *Kariad*, *White Heather*, and *Nyria*, and the good sport furnished by them was quite in accordance with what was foreshadowed in THE BYSTANDER a fortnight ago. *Kariad* was generally first home, but she failed to save her time on the two smaller boats. *White Heather* is quite a success as a cutter, and *Nyria*, the new boat, is evidently going to be a flyer. She won on the second day of the Royal Clyde Regatta, in spite of a bent mainboom; and again at the Gourock and Royal Largs Regattas. *Kariad*, under conditions better suited to her greater size, should win several races in the future; and, indeed, whenever these three boats meet it will be a toss up which is going to come out on top. In the 52-foot class the tussle between *Moyana*, *Britomart*, and *Sonya* was always a close one. *Sonya*, the American boat, is going better than she did last year, and in light airs appears to be faster than her rivals. *Britomart* has also improved, but for the whole fortnight's racing *Moyana's* record is the best. The way in which all the three boats were handled was superlatively good. In the handicap class, *Rosamond*, like *White Heather*, has been converted from a yawl to a cutter, and improved thereby, while *Merrymaid* sports a longer mainboom, and proved, in one or two of the races, that she can hold her own with *Kariad* and Co. Among the smaller boats, *Lafone*, designed by Fife, proved a very smart cutter.

Mr. Holcombe Ward

Who played for America in the Tournament at Wimbledon last Saturday. He is one of the founders of the Davis Cup, and won the American Doubles Championship in 1901

A New Theory of Rowing

A controversy has for some time been raging at Cambridge over what is said to be a new theory of rowing invented by Mr. S. Fairbairn. It is difficult to criticise it without hearing the author's own description, but, judging from the letters which have recently appeared in the London papers, it looks very much like a new, and in many ways admirable, way of teaching principles which are at least twenty years old. If a recent correspondent of the *Field* is right, the theory consists of three maxims: "Don't exaggerate the catch at the beginning"; "Use your legs well in the middle of the stroke"; "Don't jerk your body up at the finish, but let the boat itself swing you forward on the recovery." These appear to be directed against common faults which have long been the despair of coaches of second and third-rate college crews. The first and second forbid the practice of beginning the stroke with a catch of the shoulders, and saving the slide for a sort of kick at the end. This, though taught at Eton in the early 'eighties, was found to be quite unsuited to long slides, and Mr. Fairbairn himself was one of the first to practise and teach the modern style. The third has greater appearance of novelty, and, taken literally, is probably a scientific impossibility; but it accurately describes the sensations of the crew of a boat which is going well. Whether Mr. Fairbairn has really invented anything new or not, coaches will be grateful to him for some novel expressions which will assist them in the sometimes almost impossible task of making the novice understand what he is required to do.

A New Lawn-Tennis Meeting

The Mass racket, given by THE BYSTANDER as an umpire's prize at the new Watford Lawn Tennis Tournament, was awarded, by the votes

Mr. S. H. Smith

The well-known lawn-tennis player, who played for Britain in the International Tournament at Wimbledon

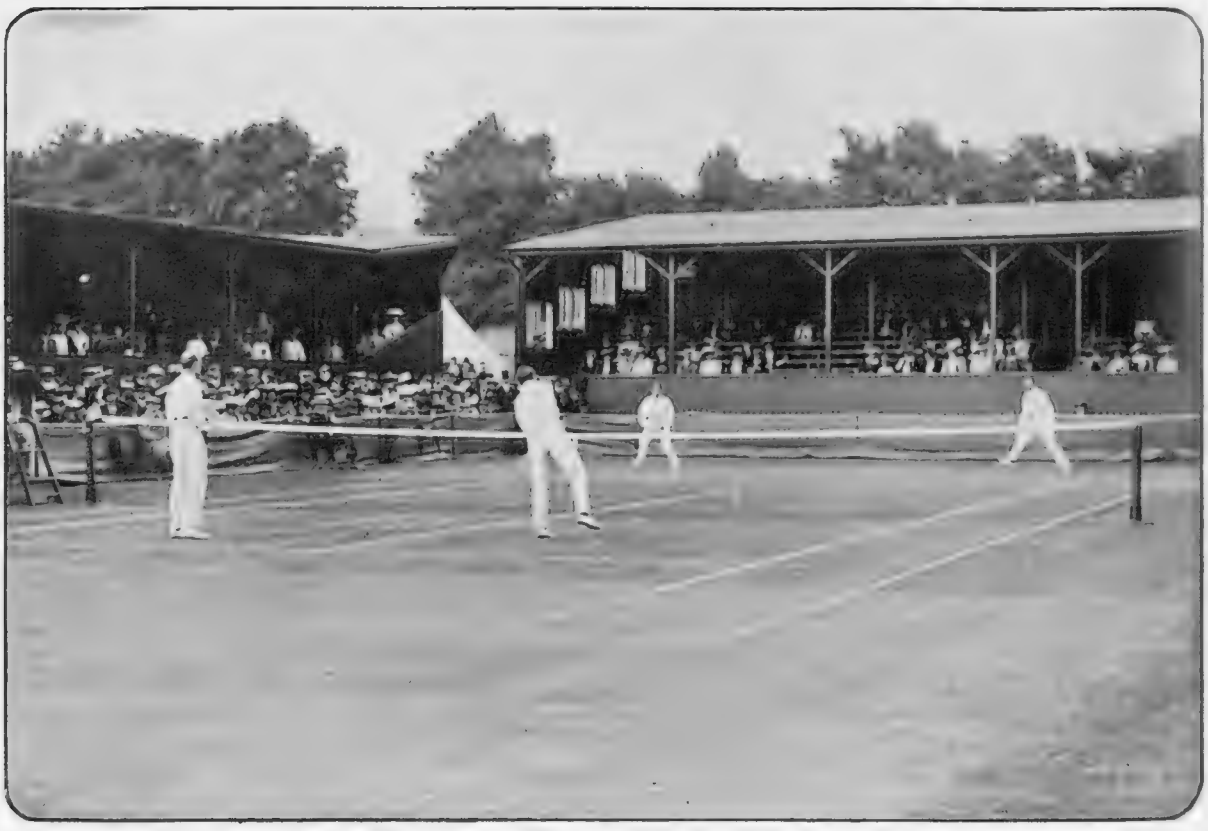
of the competitors, to Mr. Colin Ransford, one of a family of brothers who are keen both on lawn tennis and badminton. With his brother, Dr. A. C. Ransford, he also won the Doubles Handicap. This event got unavoidably "hung up," with the result that the light began to fail before the final was over, and the four men engaged in it (the Ransfords, R. L. Hobson, and E. M. Dodwell) gave a good exhibition of the genuine sporting spirit by playing on, without appealing, until the Ransfords at length won by 8—6 in the third set. F. W. Goldberg won the Singles, though not without a tussle against A. N. Dudley, and Miss Tulloch was a good bit the best of the lady players engaged.

Lawn Tennis: England Wins the Davis Cup

Few of those who saw Ward and Little play in the International Singles on Friday expected that they would make such a good fight in the Doubles as they did on Saturday. Little, in particular, is a good fifteen better in a Double than he is in a Single, and is it not curious that two men, whose chief fault, when playing in Singles, appears to be that they are in too much of a hurry to score outright, should in combination be able to play such a restrained game, and one in which careful lobbing played such an important part? In fact, their game may best be described as a judicious mixture of lobbing and volleying—in which, of course, must be included smashing, at which they both excel. They did some driving now and again—and some very good driving, too—but, as a rule, if they were back and the ball pitched anywhere near the base-line, they preferred to stick it up in the air and to keep on at this until a chance to come up occurred. And when they were up they were very much up, so that the Dohertys in their turn had to lob, not so much from choice as from necessity. The result was a game in which short, sharp rests of underhand volleys were comparatively few, while lobs and smashes, first by one side and then by the other, predominated; and it afforded a most interesting study of the tactics of Double play.

A Tight Match

Even allowing for the fact that the tactics of the Americans were very hard to combat, it must be admitted that the Dohertys were not at their best. They seemed afraid to let themselves go, so that their play was characterised by a sort of laboriousness which is really quite foreign to them, and of the two "R. F." seemed the least sure of himself. They began badly by losing "R. F.'s" service at the very outset, and a similar misfortune occurred in the second set; so that when the Americans, having won the first set at 6—3, led by 4—2 in the second, things really were looking a bit dicky for England. But in the rain, which was then coming down pretty heavily, the Dohertys managed to win one of Little's service games, and so get on terms again, and having won that set after a ding-dong struggle at 11—9 they were never afterwards headed, for they only lost one more service game when they could afford to do so, and in the fourth set (in which Ward's overhead play distinctly deteriorated) they were well "on top." In other words, they won, so that, after all, we must not complain if they did not do it quite in the decisive manner which was expected of them.



International Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon: The Davis Cup stays in England

On Saturday, England having already the two Single matches played on Friday in hand, the brothers Doherty won the rubber by beating the American pair, H. Ward and R. D. Little, by 3 sets to 1. Our champions began somewhat weakly, but their steadiness ultimately prevailed against the more aggressive play of our visitors, and they won the final set by 6—1 in their old brilliant fashion

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Antipon

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The Great Permanent Cure for Corpulence.

IT is now definitely acknowledged by all competent authorities that Antipon, as a permanent cure for corpulence, is as near perfection as modern science can approach. Its wonderful power of absorbing and throwing out of the system all excessive fatty matter, and of destroying the distressing tendency to get fat, makes it a priceless remedy; but its value is further increased by its splendid tonic properties, which are of such beneficial effect that the person taking it gets stronger and stronger as fast as the unhealthy fat is being got rid of. This is positively a scientific fact. Hundreds of grateful men and women who have taken Antipon merely as a reliable, safe, and harmless weight-reducer, have written expressing their amazement at the great increase of strength which has resulted from a course of Antipon. As an example, the following letter from an Anglo-Indian lady may be quoted :—

"Dear Sir, — Please send me a larger bottle of Antipon. When I started it I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction has been great (61½lb.), for I am now only 184½lb. I can now take four-mile walks with ease. It has the power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened. My heart (which is diseased) is stronger, and its beating healthier. I have an excellent appetite, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

In this typical letter the great tonic action of Antipon is plainly pointed out. This grand remedy promotes appetite and stimulates digestion. Those who follow the Antipon treatment may eat anything in reason. There are no hard and fast dietary rules to follow. Good nourishing food is all the help Antipon requires, so that, while the diseased fatty matter is being expelled, the blood is enriched and purified, and new muscular tissue formed. After a course of Antipon anyone will look and feel years younger.

Within a day and a night, after the first dose of Antipon, there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb. (more in extreme cases), this being always followed by a sure and certain daily reduction until the weight is brought down to normal, and the proportions of figure, face, and limbs are all that could be desired. The doses may then be discontinued, the cure being in all cases permanent. How fat people can endure remaining fat when Antipon is so pleasant and so reliable a remedy is certainly surprising.

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Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Scottish Reliability Trials

Undoubtedly, the four days' Reliability Trial for touring motor-cars, held last week under the direction of the Western section of the Scottish Automobile Club, provided the most stringent test to which the self-propelled vehicle has yet been subjected in this country. The distance covered—671¼ miles—was not abnormal, for even so small a car as the 6 h.-p. Rover, which figured as the lowest-powered engine entered in a list of eighty-four competitors, but the country traversed presented difficulties only to be overcome by machines of the soundest design and workmanship. That so many cars successfully surmounted the extremely difficult climbs of Birkhill, Cairnwell, Bridge of Avon, and Trinafour—to say nothing of the long-continued grind up to "Rest and be Thankful" and the dangerous descent therefrom through Glenerve—affords convincing evidence of the highly satisfactory state to which the best types of automobiles have now attained. Almost every prominent make of car was represented, and it is gratifying to our sense of patriotism to note that fifty-one of the competing vehicles were of British manufacture.

An anxious moment

Cars waiting to weigh-in for the Scottish Reliability Trials. (The writer, Mr. Douglas Miller, is seen on the right)

* * *

Routes Northward

Most of the English competitors drove their cars from London and Coventry, the Great North Road and that by way of Preston and Carlisle being generally adopted. An interesting departure from the beaten track was made by Captain H. H. P. Deasy, who contrived to steer his 30-40 h.-p. Martini from London to Glasgow without passing through any large town. Captain Deasy took the York Road to Doncaster, where he turned off by Wetherby to Boroughbridge, and at Scotch Corner went almost due West through Ripon and Askrigg to Kendal, whence he ran by way of Carlisle and Lockerbie to his destination. Another remarkable run was that of Mr. Charles Friswell, who journeyed through the Midland counties of Bedford, Northampton, Leicester, and Derby, to Preston, where, on his 30 h.-p. Peugeot, he was joined by the writer. We took matters very easily through Lancashire and Westmoreland, having been apprised that police-traps were freely dotted along the road by Carnforth and Penrith in readiness for the invading army of automobiles.

On the border

Mr. Charles Friswell, of automobile auction fame, on the 30 h.-p. Peugeot, which he drove in the Scottish Trials. Note the whip behind wind-shield, used for chastising suicidally disposed dogs

* * *

"Where Police Traps Are No More"

Once safely across the Border, we knew we were free from any unwelcome attention, and hummed merrily through the pine-scented plantations of Dumfries and over the open moorlands of Lanark in splendid style. Such ordinary trying hill-climbs as Shap Fell and Benttock summit were nothing to the Peugeot, which literally romped up the three miles' ascent of the Westmoreland range without resorting to her low gear, in the excellent time of 3 min. 26 sec. Mr. Friswell, by the way, has a small pocket fixed on the frame of his car in which, ready to his right hand, he carries an ordinary horse-whip. This he uses for the chastisement of unruly dogs, which dash out at passing cars, and I believe that many scores of canine lives would be saved if the device were generally adopted.

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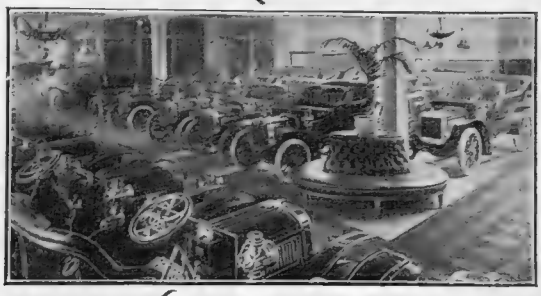

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Welcomed by the Scotsmen

One of the pleasantest features of the trials was the enthusiasm with which we were greeted by the inhabitants of various villages we passed through. Our reception had the effect of upsetting previous notions of the Scottish character. Taking on trust the severe estimates of the Scots' temperament, many were prepared to find them "dour." The best we expected from the villagers was a frigid politeness. Their enthusiasm could hardly have been excelled by the impulsive Latin peoples. They looked upon the Scottish Trials somewhat in the nature of a fête. Whole villages, from gaffers down to children, turned out, not to regard us with amiable curiosity, but to cheer us on our way with every manifestation of whole-hearted enthusiasm.

Their greeting was such as to allay the angry feelings aroused by many police trappers.

They turned out armed with confections, bunches of flowers, and posies of heather. At times, indeed, their cordiality was almost embarrassing. The motorist who was not quick enough to dodge a small parcel of sweets with hard corners could but take the will for the deed. But there was another and more welcome side to the attentions of the villagers. They did their utmost to assist those who were unfortunate enough to break down during the run. When the more personal side of the Trials is discussed among those who took part in them, there will be many a story told of kindly assistance rendered in out-of-the-way districts during the night of June 15, when so many cars came to grief.

The scenery, as can be seen by a glance at the accompanying illustration, was most picturesque. This is the ideal side. The practical side showed itself in the rough stretches of roadway. In this connection too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the great motor tyre companies for the provision they made *en route*. A friendly battle was waged between the Dunlop and the Continental companies. Each vied with the other in the elaborate nature of their preparations. In the wildest spots were to be found little tents pitched by the roadside, and containing everything in the nature of inner tubes and covers to make good the wear and tear of the Trials.

* * *

A Severe Test

One can safely classify this year's Scottish Reliability Trial as the severest official test to which the motor-car has been put. It would be impossible to find in England such difficult bits to negotiate as, to name but one stretch, the Bridge of Brown. The best proof of the test is to be found in the number of mishaps. Anyone who buys a car which has qualified for a gold medal may rest safely assured that he will possess a machine which represents the last word in modern construction. But to the details of the run.

Henley Royal Regatta: The Clubs Lawn

Owing to the generous support this enclosure has received from the leading London clubs, the Secretary has been fortunate enough to secure an extra 100 ft. river frontage, so The Clubs Lawn will now practically occupy the whole of the meadows between Phyllis Court and the sports enclosure.

Scottish Trials: A fine mountain climb

This photograph gives a good idea of the picturesque nature of the route. In these mountainous districts the going was rather rough, but the most elaborate arrangements were made by the great motor-tyre companies—the Dunlop and the Continental—to enable motorists to replace damaged tubes and covers

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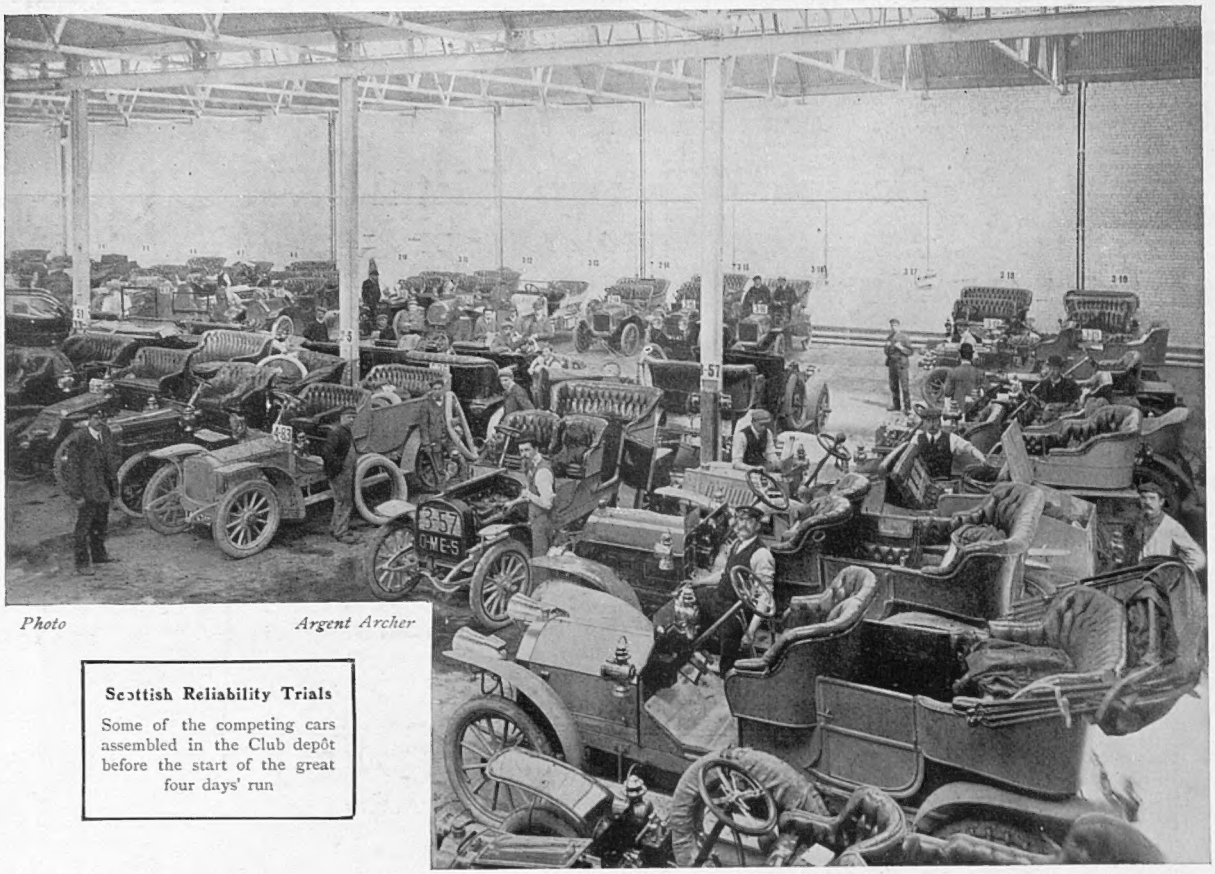


Photo *Argent Archer*

Scottish Reliability Trials

Some of the competing cars assembled in the Club depôt before the start of the great four days' run

On the Road

At seven a.m. sharp, on Wednesday, June 13, the first car was dispatched from Blythswood Square, the day's itinerary being by Ayr, Dalry, Dumfries, Moffat, and Peebles, to Edinburgh, a distance of 175 miles. The departure of the cars was witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiasts, who heartily cheered the competitors with strict impartiality. On Thursday, the route lay through the historic country of Linlithgow and Stirling, to Perth, Braemar, and Aberdeen, the far-famed climb up the Spittal of Glenshee to Cairnwell summit forming part of the day's work. From Aberdeen we travelled, on Friday, North to Huntley and Keith, where we turned southwards by Tomintoul on to the Grampian road, affected by Land's End to John o' Groat's record aspirants, the shades of evening falling upon us at Pitlochry, one of the most beautifully situated spots in the Highlands. At six a.m., on Saturday, the concluding day's run was commenced. For awe-inspiring grandeur the country we passed through compared very favourably with any traversed during the tour. We ran along the exquisitely wooded shores of Loch Tay to Killin, whence, by an extremely difficult and winding road, we journeyed slowly and carefully to Dalmally and Inverary, where we lunched. The afternoon saw the desolate wilds of Cairndow and Glen Kinglas alive with a swiftly moving army of automobiles making its way with invincible intrepidity over one of the most mountainous tracks in the kingdom, conquering such enemies to progress as stony tracks, abrupt ascents and descents, hairpin corners, and dangerous turns with wonder-raising ease. By Arrochar we came through Luss, on the "bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," to Alexandria, and so by Clydebank to Glasgow.

* * *

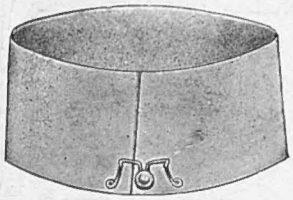
Excellent Organisation

Glasgow is by no means unfamiliar with automobiles. The famous Argyll cars, which have made a name for themselves in every quarter of the globe, are manufactured at Alexandria, seventeen miles down the River Clyde, and in the city of St. Mungo itself, there are several factories of renown in the motor world. Scotland, indeed, was very much to the fore in last week's trial, and everyone in any way connected with automobilism, from Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., President of the Scottish Club, down to the various garage attendants and car cleaners, did all that lay in their power to promote the success of the meeting, Mr. Robert J. Smith, C.A., Hon. Secretary of the Club, directed matters with masterly grasp of every detail, and his organisation commanded the warmest expressions of appreciation from competitors, observers, and passengers alike The official guide issued by the Scottish Club describes in a most comprehensive manner almost every mile of the route traversed, and forms an invaluable handbook to the beauties of some of the most romantic and picturesque scenes in Scotland.

* * *

In our issue of May 30, we published a photograph of Lady and Major-General Sir Henry Colvile in their Winton car, which we inadvertently described as an Argyll. We regret the error, but, no doubt, our motoring readers recognised the Winton car by its appearance.

The "MEYNELL" Patent No. 6730.



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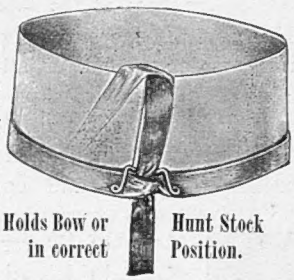

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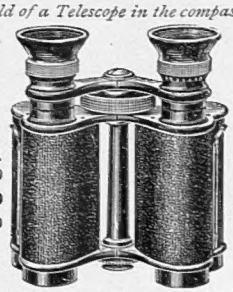

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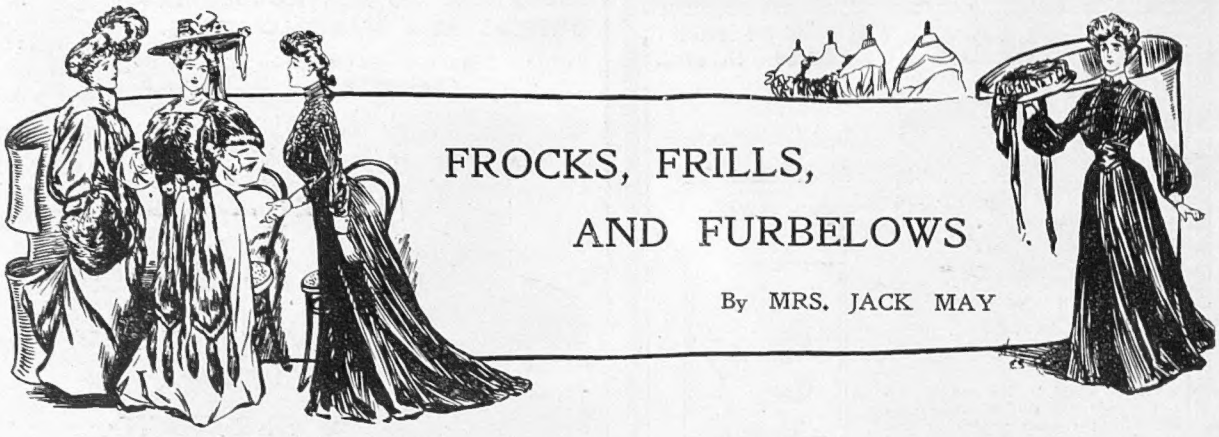

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Anything more absolutely futile than the furore made by the halfpenny Press over the Peek-a-boo blouse has surely never been witnessed. Although, now I come to recall, the lordly *Daily Telegraph* was actually inspired to a small leader on the subject. And such a silly subject too, not to say third class. The shirt waist—to give it its American title—at its cheapest and at its worst, has grown a complete abomination; also, as many of us foresaw, the curtailed sleeve has been productive of the most unhappy results. The Maudies, Edies, and Flossies of the servants' hall—for the steady disregard of the surname above stairs grows—with that mistaken emulation which can only be counted to their discredit, have surpassed all preconceived ideas in respect of inartistic elegance. It is wholly one thing to chop off the lower half of a last year's sleeve, and quite another to fit the glove at a reasonable rate to the crime. Hence the vacuum abhorred alike by Nature and Art ensues.

On Whit Sunday, I sat for an hour on the Parade at Eastbourne, and repeated the operation at Worthing on the Monday, a double procedure productive of but one conclusion, that to be in the height of fashion, from the lower middle-class standpoint, it is necessary to wear a tweed skirt of sorts—one preferably scantily pleated—an ephemeral slip of muslin, with dangling lace ruffles and a woolly Tam-o'-Shanter. And talking of Tam-o'-Shanters, when will the haphazard mind realise the heinousness of pinning this type of headgear firmly down on to the hair at the back, to the end that the front, under the slightest provocation, rises upwards, inflated like a balloon?

Bridesmaid's dress at the Hamilton wedding
(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

Costumes at the Hamilton Wedding

Every season there is a big Society wedding that is granted precedence over all other. And this year the place of honour is unanimously held by Lady Mary Hamilton and the Marquis of Graham. As behoves so exceptional an heiress, the trousseau was especially beautiful and complete, several of the gowns having issued from Paquin, of Dover Street, including the bride's going-away dress and mantle. The former was a singularly beautiful and simple confection of white hand-embroidered lawn—the lawn of our great-grandmothers—the embroidery broken here and there by round *motifs* of Valenciennes lace, and intensifying in richness about the hem of the skirt, where a conclusion was found in a gently undulating border softened by flounce of Valenciennes. The corsage of deftly mingled lawn and lace was simple in the extreme, a moderately high folded belt of old-world tapestry ribbon, in delicate faded shades of green on an ivory ground, finishing the waist, and offering the only touch of colour privileged throughout the gown.

The travelling *manteau* is of fine cloth, in an exquisite pistache green shade, inset either side the front with lightly fulled green velvet, and exceedingly coarse green lace, the latter continuing round the back, below the slightest capuchin. The sleeves were three-quarter length, and seemed to emerge naturally from out the folds of the wrap.

To Paquin, also, were entrusted the bridesmaids' dresses of white *mousseline de soie*, with touches of silver *galon* about the tastefully draped bodices, a line of silver outlining the high belt of pale blue silk, the latter note of colour repeated in a little Louis bow of velvet to the wreath of pink pom pom roses, that were worn in lieu of the regulation hat.